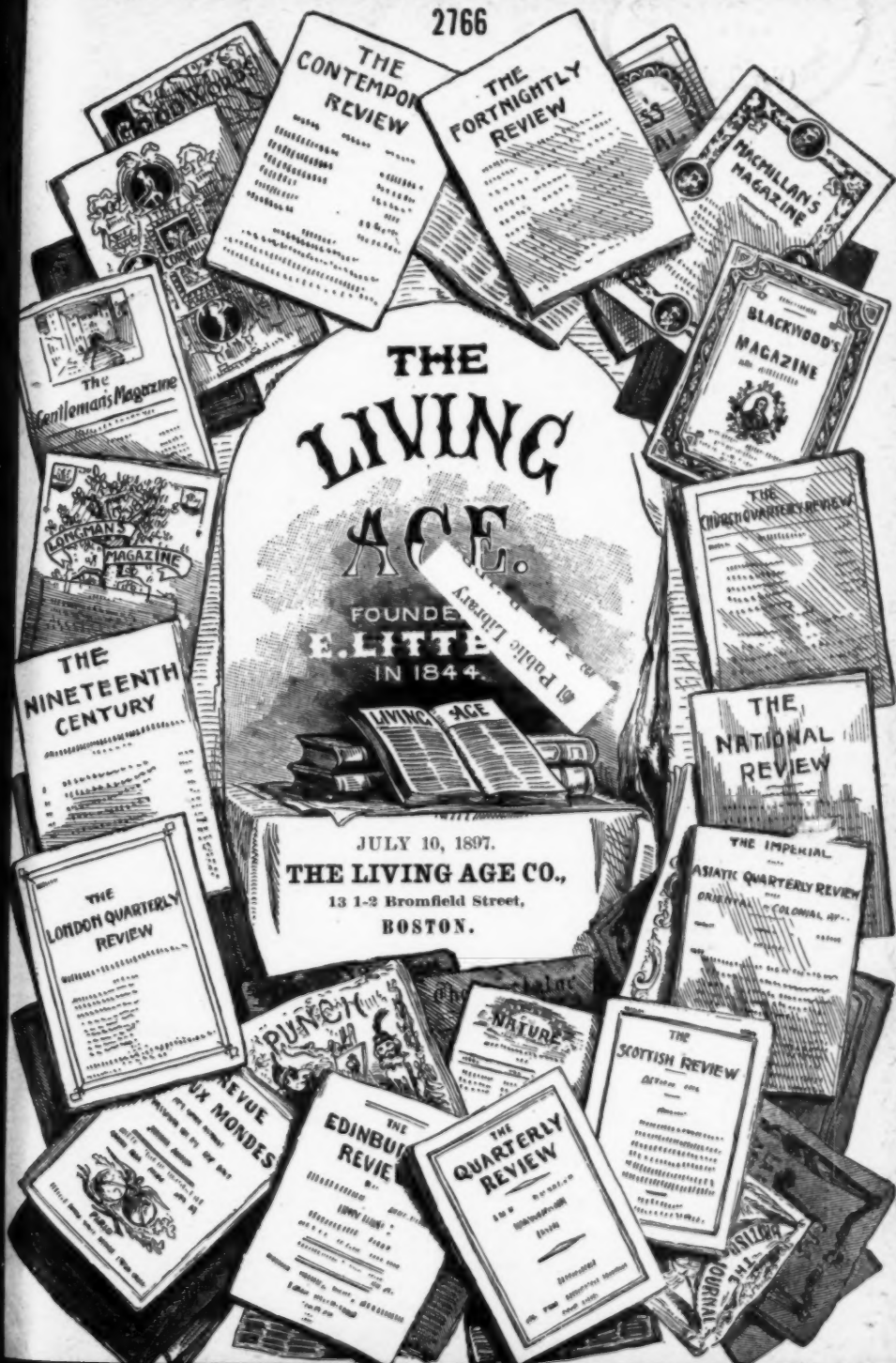


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PLOWING.

High on the crest of the upland a ploughman stands with his horses,
 Figures of sculptured bronze they appear on the saffron skyline;
 Low is the sun in the west, but a magical shimmer of sunlight
 Sprinkles with dust of gold the rich brown earth of the furrows.
 Morn and noon had I watched him patiently guiding the ploughshare,
 Straining muscle and nerve as he urged his team to their labors;
 Once when a cuckoo sang he laughed and jingled his money;
 Once when a bicycle passed, like a flash on the dusty highway,
 Turned with a look of envy; then cracked his whip at the horses.
 Musical were the heavens above and the hedgerows around him;
 Silver chiming of skylarks, fluting of thrushes and blackbirds
 Canopied earth with delight, curtained her chambers with sweetness.
 Mingled with other notes was the voice of an emulous starling,
 Vain of his bad imitation of more original minstrels.
 Then in the joy of his heart the ploughman whistled a chorus,
 Whereto I fashioned a song in praise of ploughing and reaping:—

"Hail to the plough and the oxen! Hail to the Lord of the ploughshare!
 Hail to the tamer of Earth! Hail to the builders of Home!
 Huntsmen of old were our sires, or herds-
 men seeking for pasture,
 Hither and thither they fared to and fro in the land;
 Never the summer found them where the winter had left them,
 Hardly their tents were pitched ere, struck once more, they were gone.
 But with the plough there came an end of their pitiful wand'rings,
 For with the plough there came clearing of forest and fen;
 Cottage and hamlet and village arose for fixed habitations,
 Binding with cords of love man to the place of his birth.
 There they had played as children, there they had courted and wedded;
 Dear was each well-known field, dear each familiar tree.
 There were the graves of their fathers, there should their own receive them
 Back to the earth they loved, when they might till it no more."

Thus I feigned him to sing; but he intent on his labor
 Wasted no word on song, nor spoke except to his horses.
 Now at the close of day he stands erect on the upland,
 Modelled against the sky, a figure of labor triumphant
 Over the subject earth, and scans the field he has conquered.
 All the fair hillside is ribbed with his long, straight furrows;
 Soon shall it break into green, pierced by a million corn-shoots;
 Soon! too soon! shall it wave with full ears ripe for the reaping.
 Aye! though the day was hard and his frame is weary with toiling,
 Surely his heart is glad, and the spirit within him rejoices.

Spectator.

R. H. LAW.

THE VILLA EMILIA.

Gates that I never entered, under the shadow of trees—
 Gates with the garden discreet behind the wall;
 Is it here, O garden discreet; is it here, after all,
 Here and behind your gates,
 That the love of my life awaits
 In a golden sleep, the dawn of my coming, under the trees?

Under the quiet of trees the garden sleeps in the sun—
 Sleeps, and awaits one day a waking hand;
 Is it I, O garden discreet; is it I shall stand
 One day at the gate and claim
 Your princess in my name?
 For she sleeps, and awaits the appointed coming—sleeps in the sun.

Gates that I never entered, gates of my villa of dreams,
 Is there a princess at all that your shadows keep
 For her lover, O garden discreet, in a golden sleep?
 Ah, if behind your gates
 Only a shadow awaits
 The shadowy love that I lay at your portals, villa of dreams!

ARTHUR SYMONS.

From Cosmopolis.
CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

It might have been expected that, as Switzerland is thronged every year with English people, the first Swiss novel would come from an English pen. But it has been left for an eminent French novelist to seize the dramatic elements which have so long been offering themselves in vain in the upper valleys of the Alps. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any Englishman living could have written the admirable study of Alpine life which M. Edouard Rod has given us in "*La-Haut*" (Perrin et Cie). No persons, probably, have fuller knowledge of the physical conformation of the mountains than the large and intelligent section of English professional society which every summer make the Alps their playground. But we English have an extraordinary way of carrying about with us an impermeable crystal armor, which permits the penetration of visual phenomena and excludes all relation of ideas. We travel in Switzerland in large numbers, and we display every variety of gusto and intrepidity; what there is to do and to see, the English climber sees and does. But we form, as M. Rod has observed, an independent and tyrannical colony, "*qui s'empare du salon pour danser les soirs de pluie et chanter des cantiques le dimanche;*" we are "*fort aimables d'ailleurs* (oh! this cruel touch!) "*pourvu qu'on ne nous gêne pas.*" But it never occurs to us—it would be foreign to our whole attitude and manners—to consider as civilized beings the inhabitants of the valleys we invade, or to speculate as to their ambitions or peculiarities. If our hotel-keepers are civil, our guides competent and steady, we ask no more; we make the Oberland a temporary English county.

It is, therefore, more than probable that this new story of M. Rod's (the most delightful, in my judgment, that he has yet produced) will be read with peculiar pleasure by English men and women who are familiar with the physical aspect of the High Alps, but have been prevented, by the national

habit of tyrannical shyness, from making any investigation of its people. Knowing the scenes so familiarly, English readers will follow with unusual intelligence a cicerone who can take them from *châlet* to *châlet*, and expose before them the hopes and desires of those human beings whom they have hitherto, unconsciously, regarded as portions of the landscape. The subject-matter, too, of "*La-Haut*" should be peculiarly interesting to our race, since it is we, more than any other people, who have led to its development. M. Rod (whose early Genevan experiences, doubtless, arm him with exact impressions of Swiss sentiment) paints the struggle between the old life in a mountain village—with its small inns, its warm local movement, its jealousy, its individuality—and the new life of monster hotels, casinos, rack-and-pinion railways, and complete devotion to the complex speculative system of modern Switzerland. It is a very curious crisis in social existence which M. Rod has chosen to portray, and one on the outskirts of which we are almost as much at home as in a hamlet of Sussex or East Lothian, but of which the majority of us have been densely unappreciative.

A young man, Julien Stern, who has passed in public through a painful emotional experience, desires to hide his head for awhile, until the wounds of his spirit are healed. Driven by his agitated nerves from spot to spot, he takes refuge at last in the high Alpine village of Vallanches in the Bas Valais. (Where is this village? It has something of Orsières, something of Evolène. They are all of one likeness, these brown hamlets of the Valais, that look so Japanese from the cornices of the peaks above them.) Vallanches—all this is some ten or fifteen years ago—is still known only to a group who visit it, affectionately and loyally, year after year. Its modest hotels preserve their ancient aspect, great *châlets* transformed within to decently comfortable and clean, but not luxurious, lodging-houses. Its inhabitants, a sturdy clan, are bound together by ancient observances and cultivate a simple patriotism.

Visitors, even the vague English "misses" and their clergy, are faintly conscious of the personal note in the place, the singularity which makes it Vallanches, which distinguishes it from the machine-made health-resort. But M. de Ravogne, the great hotel proprietor, has his eye upon it. His idea is to make of Vallanches another Zermatt or Chamounix, to replace the ancestral quietness and reserve for the noise of a huge cluster of affiliated hotels and the "fashion" of a giant Ravogne and the mountain-spirit; the intrigues and the violence with which, step by step, he forces the little insulated community to sell itself into his hands, and become a mere link in his great chain of speculation; the pathos of the decay of independence in a small, ancient society dazzled by the mirage of sudden wealth.

There is a thin, but delicate and sympathetic, thread of lovemaking which holds the story together; M. Rod owed this, I suppose, to the ladies. I confess "La-Haut" would have seemed to me as interesting without it, since the charm of the book lies in its sociology, in the curious contrast between the ant-hill activities of this brown hamlet in the crevice of the mountains, and the cold, austere immensity of the landscape around it. The pure Alpinist will find much about his invigorating sport which is firmly and picturesquely told, without exaggeration or even emphasis. Under a slight disguise, those who know the history of climbing will recognize in one of the secondary characters the portrait of the lamented Emile Javelle. One is often asked to recommend a French novel that every one may read with pleasure; I am sure that no one who is familiar with the Alps could do better than buy "La-Haut."

When Pierre Loti was received at the French Academy five years ago, among many strange remarks that he made on that interesting occasion, was one which must often since have been recalled by his more thoughtful readers: "Les écrivains," he observed, "qui peuvent, à un moment donné, ne pas se ressembler à eux-mêmes, n'ont pas d'âme." He was defending Octave

Feuillet, but thinking, surely, of himself—and of the withers of the versatile. It cannot for a moment be admitted, as a general proposition, that to play two games is to have no soul, but the advantage of personal unity in a man's work is emphasized by the paradox. And of Loti, if of any writer in the world, it is true that his superlative charm rests in la personnalité et l'unité of his presentation of life; in his being the instrument on which one poignant, exquisite air is played over and over again; in his being unable, in short, to present anything but a striking resemblance to himself, no matter what disguise it amuses him to adopt.

He is not disguised at all in "Ramuntcho" (Calmann Lévy). From the first page, where we are greeted by the curlews walling over the grey flats of the Adour, to the last, where we leave the poor etiolated Gracieuse chanting, *O cruz, ave, spes unica* from her white-washed convent in a gorge of the Pyrenees, the melancholy sweetness of Loti is exhaled from every section of a book which is, in its narrow way, as perfect as his wonderful genius can make it. In this novel he returns to the mode in which we love his personality best. Without the occasional gaiety of "Pêcheur d'Islande," without the fullness which makes "Mon Frère Yves" still Loti's best book, he expresses in "Ramuntcho" just those instincts of resignation and pity, intensity and sympathy which made us welcome in "Le Roman d'un Spahi," so long ago as 1881, the rising on the horizon of European literature of what seemed a star of the first magnitude. Since then there has been no development in this amazing talent. Those who expected it to branch forth and expand have been disappointed; it fluctuates, but it changes not. It was born full-grown, with certain qualities of delicacy and clairvoyance already perfected. The eye that notes everything, the heart that bleeds with the burden of humanity, the style that moulds into an incomparable harmony all the twilight tints and pale glows of experience, these remain as unique, as exquisite as ever. They

give us no less than they did; they will never give us more. The faultless delineator of one mood of man, Pierre Loti remains, what he has ever been, an unrelated Phoenix, a mysterious element, whose component parts are music and moonlight and feeling. He is quite right to dread flexibility of accomplishment; he could make no graver mistake than to try to be other than himself.

"Ramuntcho" is a story of the Basque population that lingers with such a strange persistence in the extreme south-west corner of France. It speaks a language which is as venerable in its history as it is independent of the Latin dialects which hem it in. Shrinking from the new-comers in a sombre and disdainful isolation, the Basque remnant clings to its mountain fastnesses, a vigorous race, devoted to strange ancestral games, and cultivating a perfect passion for smuggling. Ramuntcho—it is the Basque form of Raymond—is a half-breed; his father is some unnamed Parisian met on the boulevards of Bayonne, his mother a grave, laborious woman, who expiates in her Pyrenean hamlet the single error of her youth. In Ramuntcho the archaic and austere temper of the Basque race is mingled with something gayer and more French, with an impatience of his narrow sphere, a longing to get out of it and away, to experience "*des choses d'ailleurs*." In the analysis of this temperament and this landscape, the reader is reminded, with a difference, of the Bretons and the Brittany of Loti's earlier novels.

There could be collected from "Ramuntcho" a cento of passages of description veritably magnificent. The crossing of the Bidassoa at sunrise by the party of smugglers, the great scene where the hero wins his spurs at the national game of *pelote*, that in which the lovers, dreaming in languor, hear a fandango played and forthwith rush to the dance, the strange drive along the cornice of the mountains to the convent from whence Gracieuse is to be rescued; these, and a dozen more, remain fixed on the reader's memory as if they

had been actually witnessed by him. The plot is slight and melancholy. Ramuntcho, a lad when the book opens, becomes deeply enamoured of and secretly betrothed to a Basque girl of his village, Gracieuse, whose family hold a position just so much better than that of his own mother that the match is not favorably regarded. He is obliged in due process of time to go away for his three years of military service. He comes back to find his mother dying of chagrin and loneliness, and his Gracieuse vanished. He learns that, having in his absence refused a wealthy suitor who was forced upon her, her mother has left her no choice but to take the veil. Ramuntcho is persuaded by his dare-devil companions to make a raid on the distant convent, with the object of snatching Gracieuse from her fate. But the terror of sacred things comes down upon the conspirators, and in the presence of the holy, gentle women they lose all their courage, and Ramuntcho goes off, alone, to Buenos Ayres. On a scheme thus simple and broad in lines, Loti has embroidered the most subtle and delicate ornament, without a single false note. By the aid of his singular insight and refinement, he is constantly contrasting with the savage types of the wilder Basque the pathetic, semi-savage, semi-civilized figure of his Ramuntcho—a lad born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards. When we close the volume the grey haze of an autumn evening seems to have sunken about us, and the sound of bells to be dying in the distance. Now that Stevenson is gone, who is there left but Loti who can give us these exquisite sensations by the mere magic of language?

The field of prose fiction is in these days so full of material attractions that it offers a great temptation to any man who has conquered fame, but not precisely popularity, by another species of writing. M. Melchior de Vogüé has succumbed to the siren, and the author of "*Le Roman Russe*" sends forth his first novel. When, some months ago, I reviewed "*Cœurs Russes*" in these pages, it struck me that M. de Vogüé

was being drawn near and nearer to the edge of the whirlpool; now he has been definitely sucked down. What a strange thing the art of narrative is! It seems to be quite independent of intellect, of cultivation, of knowledge of the world. Some ignorant girl in a Yorkshire village will present it to us in perfection; here is a most learned and most brilliant Parisian Academician who seems entirely devoid of it. To the student of literary execution I know no recent book more instructive than "Jean d'Agrève" (A. Colin et Cie), although not precisely in the way the author intended. Here is all that tact and cleverness, combined with a style the most accomplished and a will the most tenacious, can do in the way of building up an effective story. What is wanting? Precisely that trifling ingredient, a vocation for the task.

While it is impossible for me to consider that M. de Vogüé has shown any reason why we should spare him from those fields of history and criticism in which he plucked his laurels, "Jean d'Agrève" is a book which it is a satisfaction to read. It is interpenetrated by beauty, by devotion to the distinguished parts of life. It is inspired by a nostalgia for the old heroisms of passion; it seeks to annul the poverty and languor of modern emotion. The author himself compares his lovers to Tristram and Yseult; his attitude towards them is really more simple still; he endeavors to recover, in the persons of two characters of to-day, that melancholy intensity of love which the mediæval poets painted in such canticles of amorous obsession as the Breton "Laustic," for instance, or "Eliduc." But a more recent literary reminiscence comes to the novelist's aid. He has been reading Shelley, and remembers how the supposititious author of "Epipsychidion" proposed to fit up the ruins of an old building in "one of the wildest of the Sporades," and retire thither, "all for love, and the world well lost," in company with his spirit's adored Nightingale. Out of these materials M. de Vogüé has constructed a novel which is too literary to

be quite successful, and too highly finished not to inspire respect.

Jean d'Agrève is a youthful, noble, and wealthy lieutenant in the French navy. (How dazzlingly wealthy and noble every one is nowadays in French social novels!) He is the darling of society, but spurns it that he may foster sinister dreams in solitude upon a distant coast. Wherever he goes, woman throws herself at his feet, but he is like the hero of Mr. Hardy's "Well-Beloved," and always gets tired of loving before he learns to love. He retires to an island, not exactly in the Sporades, but on the coast of the Riviera, the earthly paradise of Port-Cros. The English reader may now be referred to a celebrated passage in "Epipsychidion," which is expanded over many pages of "Jean d'Agrève," even to the inclusion of the lemon-flowers and the wild goats, the halls built round with ivy, and the pastoral people innocent and bold. Jean is summoned to a dance on a ship of war stationed at Toulon, and there he meets an exquisite Russian princess, who turns unfathomable eyes upon him, and asks to be introduced. They fall instantly, irremediably, fatally in love with one another, and the Elysian Island is fortunately at hand. "A ship is floating in the harbor now" (see Shelley *passim*) and the halcyons welcome the enchanted lady to their "sifted sands and caverns hoar," where, in an enchanted seclusion, the lovers spend certain weeks or months of ecstasy, "conscious, inseparable, one." Then a series of accidents tears them apart. Hélène is obliged to return to Russia, and before her affairs will permit her to revisit the island, Jean d'Agrève has been ordered off to service in Tonquin. Hélène dies of a broken heart, and Jean is killed in a skirmish with the Yellow Men.

A very large part of this novel is occupied with letters and extracts from journals. We are constantly told that the intellectual and moral parallelism of the natures of Jean and Hélène was extremely close, and this may account for the fact that their letters are written identically in the same style. It does

not, however, account for the still more curious fact that each of these lovers, when writing under the impulse of passion, and for no eye but that of the other, invariably employed the expressions and illustrations which are now found to be peculiar to the public mannerism of M. Melchior de Vogüé. And this reveals the main defect of the book—it is not dramatic, and on those rare occasions when we are stirred, it is not so much by the display of emotion in the two lovers, as by something personal to the author, some indescribable revelation, through his objective presentment, of subjective emotions—his sense of the futility and fragility of human desires, the inevitable discords that disturb the harmony of passion. But all this is lyrical, not epic, in its essence, and though "Jean d'Agrève" is full of sumptuous descriptive passages, and is written throughout with the utmost dignity and purity, it does not lead us to wish M. de Vogüé to repeat the experiment of turning from his own clearly defined hermitage of letters to the humming mart where the novelists jostle one another.

To M. Jusserand's series of "Les Grands Écrivains Français," which is rapidly forming an invaluable library of literary history, the Duc de Broglie has contributed a "Malherbe" (Hachette et Cie). This would be a remarkable feat for a man of the duke's years, even if it lay within the range of his habitual studies; but it is astonishing as an essay in pure letters from one whose life-work has lain in politics and the literature of politics. The "Malherbe" of the Duke of Broglie is a solid performance, a little stiff and hard, of course, as was to be expected, but highly competent. He tells the story of the life of the French Waller with a rigid elegance, scarcely unbending to humor, but faintly smiling at each characteristic cynical anecdote. When he proceeds to examine the critical position of Malherbe, what we find is mainly the received opinion gracefully repeated. The Duc de Broglie does not think it necessary to enter at any length upon a consideration of the causes which led

to his hero's poetical success. The extravagance and insipidity of Desportes and his school are commonly held to account sufficiently for the reaction which Malherbe led. But there are worse poets in the history of France than the author of "Rozette, pour un peu d'absence," and it was not the languor of Desportes which Malherbe attacked, but his incorrectness. What made all France admit that the public favorite was "incorrect"?

It would seem as though the world of letters had looked over Malherbe's shoulder when he was marking that copy of the 1600 Desportes which remains in the Bibliothèque Nationale, a monument of critical fury. In this volume, of which the Duc de Broglie hardly says enough, the force of Malherbe and his strenuousness stand revealed. Imagine a young poet of to-day going over a collected Tennyson, and covering the margins of every page with stinging, unhesitating, logical rebukes, drowning entire poems with the torrent of his sarcasm, making whole sections unreadable by the vigor of his manuscript notes; imagine, moreover, the world of letters accepting this terrible indictment, and abruptly ceasing to read their favorite, and we have, except in the genius of Tennyson, an exact parallel to the mode in which Malherbe crushed, pulverized, and blew away the reputation of his predecessor. It really looks as though he did it, largely, by intimidation and violent purpose; his eloquent portrait seems to ask, "Who can hold up his paltry opinion against these arrogant eyes of mine and this contemptuous nose?" The insolent and mordant satirist Regnier could; and he declared that the sole merit of Malherbe and his disciples was

Qu'ils aurent joint l'utile avec le délectable,
Et qu'ils sauront rimer une aussi bonne table.

But already in the very verse of Regnier himself we feel that Malherbe is justified, and that the old gay years in which Ronsard *ronsardized* among the roses are gone never to return.

To comprehend the influence of Malherbe in France, as of Waller a generation later in England, it is necessary to realize the exhaustion which followed the full *éclosion* of the Renaissance. As feeling and picturesque illustration more and more took the place of passion and thought, as to speak of Phœbus and of nightingales absolved a poet from having anything whatever to say, as delicacy degenerated into affectation, and the ears were cloyed with the sweets of preciousness, the world of each nation in Europe became sick of the whole thing, and, the practice of verse being a phenomenon as constant as the precession of the equinoxes, determined to use verse for purposes which were not ornamental, but closely connected with the intellect. When the age was precisely ready for this change, a Malherbe arose with a positive genius for tying talent to sticks and nipping the buds of imagination. We, to-day, turn over the "odes" and the "stances" of Malherbe and wonder where the charm lay. But was there not, to a generation drowned in sensibility and conceit, a charm in the very want of charm? A strong, plain verse, very lucid, correct, and uniform, with no nonsense about it, that is what the seventeenth century wanted in France, and that is what it got.

A modern Malherbe might find plenty of work to do in Paris to-day. A little book which has reached me, "*La Crise Poétique*" (Perrin et Cie), by M. Adolphe Boschot, in spite of its sub-title "*Le Poète et les Courtisanes*" (which is not to my taste, for I am old-fashioned enough to think the house of Aspasia no fit haunt for the Muses), gives me much to think about. What an anarchy it reveals! There is no king in Israel, and each of the five hundred bards seems to spend most of his time in tearing the laurels from his four hundred and ninety-nine brethren. Will any good thing come of all this turmoil and mutual denunciation? Is M. Paul Fort, the new Apollo, whose "*Ballades Françaises*" (*Mercur de France*) are heralded in a somewhat extravagant preface by M. Pierre Louys, the egregiously bril-

liant author of "*Aphrodite*"? According to M. Louys, M. Paul Fort has written a book which "*annonce un grand écrivain*," and has invented "*un style nouveau, le style littéraire de l'avenir*." If so, M. Fort is a new Malherbe, and more than a Malherbe; but the world is growing old. The grand discovery of M. Fort (who is a very clever, energetic young man, full of promise and fire) is a sort of hybrid between verse and prose. It is a cake of prose with occasional rhymes, at unexpected places, for plums. But for two hundred years we English have known this sort of thing. The mawkish pseudo-poetry of Shaftesbury, leading down through Harvey's "*Meditations in the Tombs*," to the resonances of Ossian, and then bursting out again in Walt Whitman, have made us shy of "prose-poetry." But M. Paul Fort, who was the manager of the "*Théâtre d'Art*" when he was eighteen, and has already at twenty-five had literary adventures enough for a lifetime, will no doubt find his way safely to the ultimate haven of successful expression.

The determination of the younger French writers to enlarge and develop the resources of their national poetry is a feature of to-day, far too persistent and general to be ignored. Until a dozen years ago, the severely artificial prosody accepted in France seemed to be one of the literary phenomena of Europe the most securely protected from possible change. The earliest proposals and experiments in fresh directions were laughed at, and often not undeservedly. No one outside the fray can seriously admit that any one of the *francs-tireurs* of symbolism has made a perfectly successful fight. But the number of these volunteers, and their eagerness, and their intense determination to try all possible doors of egress from their too severe palace of traditional verse, do at last impress the observer with a sense of the importance of the instinct which drives them to these eccentric manifestations. Renan said of the early Decadents that they were a set of babies, sucking their thumbs. But these people are getting

bald, and have grey beards, and still they suck their thumbs. There must be something more in the whole thing than met the eye of the philosopher. When the entire poetic youth of a country such as France is observed raking the dust-heaps, it is probable that pearls are to be discovered.

It may be admitted that M. Henri de Regnier has discovered a large one, if it seems to be a little clouded, and perhaps a little flawed. Indeed, of the multitude of experiment-makers and theorists, he comes nearest (it seems to me) to presenting a definitely evolved talent, lifted out of the merely tentative order. He stands, at this juncture, half way between the Parnassians and those of the Symbolists who are least violent in their excesses. If we approach M. de Regnier from the old-fashioned camp, his work may seem bewildering enough, but if we reach it from the other side—say, from M. René Ghil or from M. Yvanhoé Rambosson—it appears to be quite organic and intelligible. Here at least is a writer with something audible to communicate, with a coherent manner of saying it, and with a definite style. A year or two ago, the publication of his "Poèmes Anciens et Romanesques" raised M. de Regnier, to my mind, a head and shoulders above his fellows. That impression is certainly strengthened by "Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins" (*Mercure de France*), a volume full of graceful and beautiful verses. Alone, among the multitude of young experimenters, M. de Regnier seems to possess the classical spirit; he is a genuine artist, of pure and strenuous vision. For years and years, my eloquent and mysterious friend, M. Stéphane Mallarmé, has been talking about verse to the youth of Paris. The sole result of all those abstruse discourses has been (so it seems to me) the production of M. Henri de Regnier. He is the solitary swallow that makes the summer for which M. Mallarmé has been so passionately exploring the gods.

It is scarcely necessary to remind ourselves in reading "Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins" of the Mallarméan principle

that poetry should suggest and not express, that a series of harmonious hints should produce the effect of direct clear statement. In the opposite class, no better example can be suggested than the sonnets of M. de Heredia, which are as transparent as sapphires or topazes, and as hard. But if M. de Regnier treats the same class of subject as M. de Heredia (and he often does) the result is totally different. He produces an opal, something clouded, soft, and complex, made of conflicting shades and fugitive lights. In the volume before us we have a long poem on the subject of Arethusa, the nymph who haunted that Ortygian well where, when the flutes of the shepherds were silent, the sirens came to quench their thirst. We have been so long habituated, in England by the manner of Keats and Tennyson, in France by the tradition of the Parnassians, to more or less definite and exhaustive portraiture, that at first we read this poetry of M. de Regnier without receiving any impression. All the rhythms are melodious, all the diction dignified and pure, all the images appropriate, but the poem seems to say nothing. It leaves no imprint on the mind; it singularly bewilders and taunts the attention.

It is difficult to find a poem short enough for quotation which shall yet do no injustice to the methods of M. de Regnier; but "Invocation Mémoriale" may serve our purpose:—

La main en vous touchant se crispe et se contracte
Aux veines de l'onix et aux nœuds de l'agate,
Vases nus que l'amour en cendre a faits des urnes!
O coupes tristes que je soupèse, une à une,
Sans sourire aux beautés des socles et des anses!
O passé longuement où je goûte en silence
Des poisons, des mémoires âcres où le philtre
Qu'avec le souvenir encor l'espoir infiltre
Goutte à goutte puisé à d'amères fontaines;
Et, ne voyant que lui et elles dans moi-même,
Je regarde, là-bas, par les fenêtres hautes,
L'ombre d'un cyprès noir s'allonger sur les roses.

The studied eccentricity of the rhymes may be passed; if "fontaines" and "même," "hautes" and "roses," satisfy a French ear, it is no business of an English critic to comment on it. But the dimness of the sense of this poem is a feature which we may discuss. At first reading, perhaps, we shall find that the words have left no mark behind them whatever. Read them again and yet again, and a certain harmonious impression of liquid poetic beauty will disengage itself, something more in keeping with the effect on the mind of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," or the close of the "Scholar-Gypsy," than of the purely Franco-Hellenic poetry of André Chénier or of Leconte de Lisle. Throughout this volume what is presented is a faint tapestry rather than a picture—dim choirs of brown fauns or cream-white nymphs dancing in faint, mysterious forests, autumnal foliage sighing over intangible stretches of winding, flashing river; Pan listening, the pale Sirens singing, Autumn stumbling on under the burden of the Hours, thyrsus and caduceus flung by unseen deities on the velvet of the shaven lawn—everywhere the shadow of poetry, not its substance, the suggestion of the imaginative act in a state of suspended intelligence. Nor can beauty be denied to the strange product, nor to the poet his proud boast of the sanction of Pegasus:—

Verdoyant à jamais hier comme aujourd'
Et, flairant le laurier que je tenais encor,
Verdoyant à jamais hier comme aujourd'
hui,
Se cabrer vers le Jour et ruer vers la Nuit.

Are we to believe M. Boschot and the rest when they assure us that true poetry has ceased to be written by Frenchmen? It is certainly still written in France by one man who does not write in French. It gives a reader the most curious sensation to turn from all the theories and the experiments, the artificialities and the ingenuities of the warring Parisian sects to Mistral's new book—so direct, old-fashioned, and serene, so little troubled by anxiety about

"ternary derivatives, or solicitous to combine vermillion, cadmium, and ultramarine in a series of metrical effects. Far from the noise and the folly, buried in his delicious Provence, the simple old man—in temperament and even in work so like our lamented William Morris—pursues his quiet, confident business. He is troubled with no doubts or instincts of revolt; he writes as all his great forefathers did, and the methods of Virgil and Bojardo are good enough for him. As I write these words it is forty-three years to a day since Frédéric Mistral founded the society of Provençal poets called the Félibrige. In 1859 he gave them a model in that exquisite "Mireio," which all the world has read, if only in translations. Mistral has never been in a hurry; once in ten years is often enough for him to publish, and he has not overloaded our shelves with the five volumes of a lifetime.

The new work is called "Lou Pouèmo dóu Rose," or the Poem of the Rhône (A. Lemerre). It is composed in a rhymeless iambic metre of five beats; as on previous occasions, a prose translation by the author accompanies the Provençal text. M. Mistral has devoted to the praise of a native river an epic poem in twelve books, following, in greater fulness, the example of another poet of the South of France, who also did not write in French—Ausonius. The time of the action is almost modern; it is marked by the suspicion and fear of steam, and the first intrusion of a paddle-boat upon the Rhône. We follow the adventures of a file of laden barges, which start, led by a once-famous vessel, the Caburle, from the quay of Lyons, bound down-stream for the fair of Beaucaire, and we are returning with them when a catastrophe brings the voyage and our poem to a close. This plan gives M. Mistral the excuse for a Virgilian treatment of a succession of little incidents, to which the glowing light of the South gives an epical importance, and for a close and picturesque study of the places passed on either side, especially on the *empèri*, or empire, as the boatman to this day

call the left bank of the river, reserving the word *relaume*, or Kingdom, for the right bank. At Vernaïson they take on board a pious Æneas in the shape of a blond Prince of Orange, eldest son of the king of Holland, who is wandering *incognito* in search of adventures.

To this somewhat mysterious prince the captain of the *Caburle* speaks of an exquisite girl, Angloro, whom the boatmen, as they pass and repass the mouth of the Ardèche, see searching for grains of gold in its auriferous sands. The imagination of the Dutchman is fired by the general report of her beauty, and when the file of barges reaches the point where Angloro is usually waiting to see them go by, she is easily persuaded to step on board and be taken as a guest to the Fair of Beaucaire. But among the legends of the Rhône, there is one which says that its currents are haunted by a water-demon called the Drac, which has the power of taking the form of a beautiful young man. Angloro, who has the habit of bathing alone in the warm moonlit nights, has long convinced herself that she has seen the white limbs and golden hair of the Drac wind and flash just out of reach in the shallows of the river at midnight. The moment that she observes the fair-haired and authoritative Prince of Orange standing among the swart, familiar barge-men, she becomes persuaded that he is a supernatural being, and then recognizes in him the appearance of her midnight visitor, the Drac. To her simplicity, it seems natural enough that this all-powerful demoniac being should take human shape and should decoy her, an extremely willing captive, on board the *Caburle*. Very droll and exceedingly pretty in their pastoral innocence as of an Age of Gold are the complications produced by Angloro's conviction of the uselessness of attempting to resist a supernatural lover, and by the prince's astonishment at being treated with this singular mixture of awe and resignation.

By this half-pastoral, half-comic intrigue, and by a variety of episodes and incidents, the reader is carried swiftly

down the majestic stream, past glens and hamlets, castles and estuaries, each of which reminds the antiquarian poet of some legend or some event. The reader of M. Mistral's last important poem, "Nerto" (1884), will remember the description of the fêtes when Avignon is visited by the pope and the king of Provence. Here, again, the poet describes Avignon, no longer in a mediæval glamour, but as he himself recollects the city, still unspoiled, in the days of his boyhood.

We reach Beaucaire, and we see the dazzling attractions of its stalls and merry-go-rounds through the eyes of Angloro, as she hangs on the arm of her harmless demon-lover. Then the flotilla, having concluded its business, turns round, and by the aid of an army of strong horses, is towed up stream. But it is not fated to reach Lyons. All along the river there have been whispers of a hideous monster, spouting black coils of smoke, and flapping in the water revolving iron wings. As the line of barges is approaching Malatru, the home of Angloro, this horrible object, the earliest steamer ever floated on the Rhône, makes her appearance. The flotilla knows not how to escape her; the steamboat rushes on, becomes entangled in the rope which fastens the barges to one another and drags them backwards in her wake. The horses are pulled into the river and drowned, while the *Caburle* is flung with such vehemence against the pier of the bridge that Angloro and the Prince of Orange are thrown into the water and drowned. We have been wondering how the story could end, and this is certainly a cutting of the knot, yet hardly a satisfactory one. This grotesque catastrophe jars on us after the half-supernatural haze of golden romance in which we have been moving, and the slightly incredible paddle-boat is a devil out of a machine. But the poem is exquisite, in its old-world freshness and leisurely, confident grace. It smells of Flora and the country green, of dance and sunburnt mirth; its graceful indolence is very welcome in these days of exhausted and exhausting effort.

While we are in Provence, our thoughts may lightly turn to M. Zola. If you wish to retain the fashionable (and, I admit, not unaccountable) prejudice against this writer, do not read "Nouvelle Campagne" (Charpentier), for it will force you to reconsider your position. It is impossible to run through these eighteen leaders reprinted from the *Figaro*—for that is all they pretend to be—without a conviction that the author is a very honest man. Left alone, in this ebb-tide of realism, a sort of roughly hewn rock-giant on the sand, M. Zola finds himself misunderstood, insulted, abandoned. And in his isolation he is grander, he is an object of more genuine sympathy, than ever he was in the days of his overwhelming prosperity. Adversity—a very relative adversity, which does not effect the enormous bulk of his "sales" and his "royalties"—has been salutary to M. Zola; it has acted on him as an astringent. It has made him pull himself together and practise his pectoral muscles. It has even had a favorable effect upon his style, which seems to me to be more direct, less burdened with repetitions, less choked with words, than it usually is. M. Zola is very angry, and wrath is becoming to him. He seizes his club and glares round upon us. The effect is distinctly tremendous; he looks like Hercules, and sometimes a little like Polyphemus.

To be serious, the reaction against M. Zola has certainly proceeded too far. It has become a shield behind which all manner of effeminacies and hypocrisies have concealed themselves, and, if he were the Devil, it is time he should have his due. And nothing could be less like the Devil than M. Zola. He is a strenuous, conscientious *bourgeois*, rather sentimental and very romantic, with a Theory of Life which has ridden away with him, and makes him believe that he ought to be squalid and obscene wherever existence is obscene and squalid. But the heart of him is a heart of gold, and any candid person who reads "Nouvelle Campagne" will see how uneffectedly the author is everywhere on the side of the angels. His

very faults are virtues turned inside out; the anti-Malthusian essay, called "Dépopulation," throws a most curious light on this. But read his tender pleadings for kindness to animals ("L'Amour des Bêtes" and "Enfin Couronné"), his courageous defence of the Jews, his articles on literary property (where he gives points in ardo to our own unselfish Sir Walter Besant), his amusing, frank, and spirited replies to his juvenile detractors ("Le Crapaud," "A la Jeunesse," "Les Droits du Critique"), his extraordinarily generous single-handed defence of M. Paul Bourget ("Auteurs et Editeurs"), and then deny that M. Zola, besides being the most effective of living journalists, is, with all his surface faults, a very excellent and honest man.

Now that "John Gabriel Borkman" is being so much discussed in London, it may be interesting to many readers to know that an excellent translation of the drama has just been published in Paris (Perrin et Cie), from the pen of Isben's friend and enthusiastic commentator, Comte Prozor. It contains, in an interesting preface, some curious notes of the conversation of the poet.

EDMUND GOSSE.

IN KEDAR'S TENTS.¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MIDNIGHT AND DAWN.

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

"Excellency," reported a man, who entered the room at this moment, "they are bringing carts of fuel through the Calle de la Ciudad to set against the door and burn it."

"To set against which door, my honest friend?"

"The great door on the plaza, excellency. The other is an old door of iron."

¹ Copyright, 1897, by Henry Seton Merriman.

"And they cannot burn it or break it open?"

"No, excellency; and, besides, there are loopholes in the thickness of the wall at the side."

The general smiled on this man as being after his own heart.

"One may not shoot to-night, my friend. I have already given the order."

"But one may prick them with the sword, excellency," suggested the trooper, with a sort of suppressed enthusiasm.

The general shrugged his shoulders, wisely tolerant.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "I suppose one may prick them with the sword."

Conyngham, who had been standing half in and half out of the open window listening to this conversation, now came forward.

"I think," he said, "that I can clear the plaza from time to time if you give me twenty men. We can thus gain time."

"Street-fighting," answered the general gravely, "do you know anything of it? It is nasty work."

"I know something of it. One has to shout very loud. I studied it at Dublin University."

"To be sure; I forgot."

Julia and Estella watched and listened. Their lot had been cast in the paths of war, and since childhood they had remembered naught else. But neither had yet been so near to the work, nor had they seen and heard men talk and plan with a certain grim humor, a curt and deliberate scorn of haste or excitement, as these men spoke and planned now. Conyngham and Concepcion Vara were altered by these circumstances—there was a light in their eyes which women rarely see—but the general was the same little man of peace and of high domestic virtue, who seemed embarrassed by a sword which was obviously too big for him. Yet in all their voices there rang a queer note of exultation, for man is a fighting animal, and (from St. Paul down to the humblest little five-foot-one "recruit")

would find life a dull affair were there no strife in it.

"Yes," said the general after a moment's reflection, "that is a good idea, and will gain time. But let them first bring their fuel and set it up. Every moment is a gain."

At this instant some humorist in the crowd threw a stone in at the open window. The old priest picked up the missile and examined it curiously.

"It is fortunate," he said, "that the stones are fixed in Toledo. In Xeres they are loose and always in the air. I wonder if I can hit a citizen."

And he threw the stone back.

"Close the shutters," said the general, "Let us avoid arousing ill-feeling."

The priest drew the jalousies together, but did not quite shut them. Vincente stood and looked out through the aperture at the moonlit square and the dark shadows moving there.

"I wish they would shout," he said; "it is unnatural. They are like children. When there is noise there is little mischief."

Then he remained silent for some minutes, watching intently. All in the room noted his every movement. At length he turned on his heel.

"Go, my friend," he said to Conyngham; "form your men in the Calle de la Ciudad, and charge round in line. Do not place yourself too much in advance of your men, or you will be killed, and remember the point. Resist the temptation to cut—the point is best."

He patted Conyngham on the arm affectionately, as if he were sending him to bed with a good wish, and accompanied him to the door.

"I knew," he said, returning to the window and rubbing his hands together, "that that was a good man the first moment I saw him."

He glanced at Estella, and then, turning, opened another window, setting the shutters ajar, so as to make a second point of observation.

"My poor child," he whispered, as she went to the window and looked

out, "it is an ill fortune to have to do with men whose trade this is." Estella smiled a little whitely and said nothing. The moon was now shining from an almost cloudless sky. The few fleecy remains of the storm sailing toward the east only added brightness to the night. It was almost possible to see the faces of the men moving in the square below, and to read their expressions. The majority stood in a group in the centre of the plaza, while a daring few, reckoning on the Spanish aversion to firearms, ran forward from time to time and set a bundle of wood or straw against the door beneath the balcony.

Some, who appeared to be the leaders, looked up constantly and curiously at the windows, wondering if any resistance would be made. Had they known that General Vincente was in that silent house, they would probably have gone home to bed, and the crowd would have dispersed like smoke.

Suddenly there arose a roar to the right hand of the square, where the Calle de la Ciudad was situated, and Conyngham appeared for a moment alone, running toward the group with the moonlight flashing on his sword. At his heels an instant later a single line of men swung round the corner and charged across the square.

"Dear, dear," muttered the general; "too quick, my friend, too quick!"

For Conyngham was already among the crowd, which broke and swayed back toward the cathedral. He paused for a moment to draw his sword out of a dark form that lay upon the ground, as a cricketer draws a stump. He had at all events remembered the point. The troopers swept across the square like a broom, sending the people as dust before them, and leaving the clear, moonlit square behind. They also left behind one or two shadows, lying stark upon the ground. One of these got upon his hands and knees, and crawled painfully away, all one-sided, like a beetle that has been trodden underfoot. Those watching from the windows saw, with a gasp of hor-

ror, that part of him—part of an arm—had been left behind, and a sigh of relief went up when he stopped crawling and lay quite still.

The troopers were now retreating slowly toward the Calle de la Ciudad.

"Be careful, Conyngham!" shouted the general from the balcony: "they will return."

And as he spoke a rattling fire was opened upon them from the far corner of the square, where the crowd had taken refuge in the opening of the Calle del Alco. Immediately the people, having noted that the troopers were few in number, charged down upon them. The men fought in line, retreating step by step, their swords gleaming in the moonlight. Estella, hearing footsteps in the room behind her, turned in time to see her father disappearing through the doorway. Concepcion Vara, coatless, as he loved to work, his white shirt sleeves fluttering as his arm swung, had now joined the troopers, and was fighting by Conyngham's side.

Estella and Julia were out on the balcony now, leaning over and forgetting all but the breathless interest of battle. Concha stood beside them, muttering and cursing like any soldier.

They saw Vincente appear at the corner of the Calle de la Ciudad and throw away his scabbard as he ran.

"Now, my children!" he cried, in a voice that Estella had never heard before, which rang out across the square, and was answered by a yell that was nothing but a cry of sheer delight. The crowd swayed back as if before a gust of wind, and the general, following it, seemed to clear a space for himself, as a reaper clears away the standing corn before him. It was, however, only for a moment. The crowd surged back, those in front against their will, and on to the glittering steel, those behind shouting encouragement.

"*Caramba*!" shouted Concha, and was gone.

They saw him a minute later appear in the square, having thrown aside

his cassock. He made a strange, lean figure of a man, with his knee-breeches and dingy purple stockings, his grey flannel shirt, and the moonlight shining on his tonsured head. He fought without skill and heedless of danger, swinging a great sword that he had picked up from the hand of a fallen trooper, and each blow that he got home killed its man. The mettle of the man had suddenly shown itself after years of suppression. This, as Vincente had laughingly said, was no priest, but a soldier.

Concepcion, in the thick of it, using the knife now with a deadly skill, looked over his shoulder and laughed. Suddenly the crowd swayed. The faint sound of a distant bugle came to the ears of all.

"It is nothing," shouted Concha in English—"it is nothing! It is I who sent the bugler round."

And his great sword whistled into a man's brain. In a moment the square was empty, for the politicians who came to murder a woman had had enough steel. The sound of the bugle, intimating, as they supposed, the arrival of troops, completed the work of demoralization which the recognition of General Vincente had begun.

The little party, the few defenders of the Casa del Ayuntamiento, were left in some confusion in the plaza, and Estella saw, with a sudden cold fear, that Conyngham and Concha were on their knees in the midst of a little group of hesitating men. It was Concha who first rose and held up his hand to the watchers on the balcony, bidding them stay where they were. Then Conyngham rose to his feet, slowly, as one bearing a burden. Estella looked down in a sort of dream and saw her lover carrying her father toward the house, her mind only half comprehending, in the semi-dream-like reception of sudden calamity, which is one of Heaven's deepest mercies.

It was Concepcion who came into the room first, his white shirt dyed with blood in great patches, like the color on a piebald horse. A cut in his

cheek was slowly dripping. He went straight to a sofa covered in gorgeous yellow satin and set the cushions in order.

"Señorita," he said, and spread out his hands. The tears were in his eyes. "Half of Spain," he added, "would rather that it had been the queen, and the world is poorer."

A minute later Concha came into the room dragging on his cassock.

"My child, we are in God's hands," he said, with a break in his gruff voice.

And then came the heavy step of one carrying sorrow.

Conyngham laid his burden on the sofa. General Vincente was holding his handkerchief to his side, and his eyes, which had a thoughtful look, saw only Estella's face.

"I have sent for a doctor," said Conyngham; "your father is wounded."

"Yes," added Vincente immediately, "but I am in no pain, my dear child. There is no reason, surely, for us to distress ourselves."

He looked round and smiled.

"And this good Conyngham," he added, "carried me like a child."

Julia was on her knees at the foot of the sofa, her face hidden in her hands.

"My dear Julia," he said, "why this distress?"

"Because all of this is my doing," she answered, lifting her drawn and terror-stricken face.

"No, no," said Vincente, with a characteristic pleasantry; "you take too much upon yourself. All these things are written down for us beforehand. We only add the punctuation, delaying a little or hurrying a little."

They looked at him silently, and assuredly none could mistake the shadows that were gathering on his face. Estella, who was holding his hand, knelt on the floor by his side, quiet and strong, offering silently that sympathy which is woman's greatest gift.

Concepcion, who perhaps knew more of this matter than any present, looked at Concha and shook his head. The priest was buttoning his cassock,

and began to seek something in his pocket.

"Your breviary?" whispered Concepcion; "I saw it lying out there among the dead."

"It is a comfort to have one's duty clearly defined," said the general suddenly in a clear voice—he was evidently addressing Conyngham—"one of the advantages of a military life. We have done our best, and this time we have succeeded. But—it is only deferred. It will come at length, and Spain will be a republic. It is a failing cause, because at the head of it—is a bad woman."

Conyngham nodded, but no one spoke. No one seemed capable of following his thoughts. Already he seemed to look at them as from a distance, as if he had started on a journey and was looking back. During this silence there came a great clatter in the streets, and a sharp voice cried, "Halt!" The general turned his eyes toward the window.

"The cavalry," said Conyngham, "from Madrid."

"I did not expect—them—" said Vincente slowly, "before the dawn."

The sound of the horses' feet and the clatter of arms died away as the troop passed on toward the Calle de la Ciudad, and the quiet of night was again unbroken.

Then Concha, getting down on to his knees, began reciting from memory the office, which, alas! he knew too well.

When it was finished and the gruff voice died away Vincente opened his eyes.

"Every man to his trade," he said, with a little laugh.

Then he suddenly made a grimace.

"A twinge of pain," he said deprecatingly, as if apologizing for giving them the sorrow of seeing it; "it will pass—before the dawn."

Presently he opened his eyes again and smiled at Estella before he moved, with a tired sigh, and turned his face toward that dawn which knows no eventide.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

"Quien no ama, no vive."

The fall of Morella had proved to be, as many anticipated, the knell of the Carlist cause. Cabrera, that great general and consummate leader, followed Don Carlos, who had, months earlier, fled to France. General Espartero, a man made and strengthened by circumstances, was now at the height of his fame, and for the moment peace seemed to be assured to Spain. It was now a struggle between Espartero and Queen Christina, but with these matters the people of Spain had little to do. Such warfare of the council chamber and the boudoir is carried on quietly, and the sound of it rarely reaches the ear and never the heart of the masses. Politics, indeed, had been the daily fare of the Spaniards for so long that their palates were now prepared to accept any sop, so long as it was flavored with peace. Aragon was devastated, and the northern provinces had neither seed nor laborers for the coming autumn. The peasants, who, having lost faith in Don Carlos, rallied round Cabrera, now saw themselves abandoned by their worshipped leader, and turned hopelessly enough homeward. Thus gradually the country relapsed into quiet, and empty farms made many lay aside the bayonet and take up the spade, who, having tasted the thrill of battle, had no longer any taste for the ways of peace.

Frederick Conyngham was brought into sudden prominence by the part he played in the disturbance at Toledo, which disturbance proved, as history tells, to be a forerunner of the great revolution a year later in Madrid. Promotion was at this time rapid, and the Englishman made many strides in a few months. Jealousy was so rife among the Spanish leaders, Christinos distrusted so thoroughly the reformed Carlists, that one who was outside these petty considerations received from both sides many honors upon

the sole recommendation of his neutrality.

"And besides," said Father Concha, sitting in the sunlight on his church steps at Ronda, reading to the barber and the shoemaker and other of his parishioners the latest newspaper—"and besides he is clever."

He paused, slowly taking a pinch of snuff.

"Where the river is deepest it makes least noise," he added.

The barber wagged his head, after the manner of one who will never admit that he does not understand an allusion. And before any could speak the clatter of horses in the narrow street diverted attention. Concha rose to his feet.

"Ah!" he said, and went forward to meet Conyngham, who was riding with Concepcion at his side.

"So you have come, my son," he said, shaking hands. He looked up into the Englishman's face, which was burnt brown by service under a merciless sun. Conyngham looked lean and strong, but his eyes had no rest in them. This was not a man who had all he wanted.

"Are you come to Ronda, or are you passing through?" asked the priest.

"To Ronda. As I passed the Casa Barena I made inquiries. The ladies are in the town, it appears."

"Yes; they are with Estella in the house, you know, unless you have forgotten it."

"No," answered Conyngham, getting out of the saddle—"no, padre, I have forgotten nothing."

Concepcion came forward and led the horse away.

"I will walk to the Casa Vincente. Have you the time to accompany me?" said Conyngham.

"I have always time for my neighbor's business," replied Concha, and they set off together.

"You walk stiffly," said Concha. "Have you ridden far?"

"From Osuna, forty miles since day-break."

"You are in a hurry."

"Yes, I am in a hurry."

Without further comment he extracted from inside his smart tunic a letter, the famous letter in a pink envelope, which he handed to Concha.

"Yes," said the priest, turning it over; "you and I first saw this in the Hotel de la Marina, at Algeciras, when we were fools not to throw it into the nearest brazier. We should have saved a good man's life, my friend."

He handed the letter back, and thoughtfully dusted his cassock where it was worn and shiny with constant dusting, so that the snuff had naught to cling to.

"And you have got it at last. Holy saints, these Englishmen! Do you always get what you want, my son?"

"Not always," replied Conyngham, with an uneasy laugh; "but I should be a fool not to try."

"Assuredly," said Concha—"assuredly, and you have come to Ronda—to try."

"Yes."

They walked on in silence, on the shady side of the street, and presently passed and saluted a priest, one of Concha's colleagues in this city of the South.

"There walks a tragedy," said Concha, in his curt way. "Inside every cassock there walks a tragedy—or a villain."

After a pause it was Concha who again broke the silence; Conyngham seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts.

"And Larralde?" said the priest.

"I come from him, from Barcelona," answered Conyngham, "where he is in safety. Catalonia is full of such as he. Sir John Pleydell before leaving Spain bought this letter for two hundred pounds, a few months ago, when I was a poor man and could not offer a price for it. But Larralde disappeared when the plot failed, and I have only found him lately in Barcelona."

"In Barcelona?" echoed Concha.

"Yes; where he can take a passage to Cuba, and where he awaits Julia Barena."

"Ah! said Concha, "so he also is

faithful. Because life is not long, my son. That is the only reason. How wise was the great God when he made a human life short."

"I have a letter," continued Conyngham, "from Larralde to the Señorita Barena."

"So you parted friends in Barcelona, after all, when his knife has been between your shoulders."

"Yes."

"God bless you, my son!" said the priest in Latin, with his careless, hurried gesture of the cross.

After they had walked a few paces he spoke again.

"I shall go to Barcelona with her," he said, "and marry her to this man. When one has no affairs of one's own there always remain, for old women and priests, the affairs of one's neighbor. Tell me,"—he paused and looked fiercely at him under shaggy brows—"tell me why you came to Spain?"

"You want to know who and what I am before we reach the Calle Major," said Conyngham.

"I know what you are, *amigo mio*, better than yourself perhaps."

As they walked through the narrow streets Conyngham told his simple history, dwelling more particularly on the circumstances preceding his departure from England, and Concha listened with no further sign of interest than a grimace or a dry smile here and there.

"The mill gains by going, and not by standing still," he said, and added after a pause, "but it is always a mistake to grind another's wheat for nothing."

They were now approaching the old house in the Calle Major, and Conyngham lapsed into a silence which his companion respected. They passed under the great doorway into the *patio*, which was quiet and shady at this afternoon hour. The servants, of whom there are a multitude in all great Spanish houses, had apparently retired to the seclusion of their own quarters. One person alone was discernible amid the orange-trees and in the neighborhood of the murmuring

fountain. She was asleep in a rocking-chair, with a newspaper on her lap. She preferred the *patio* to the garden, which was too quiet for one of her temperament. In the *patio* she found herself better placed to exchange a word with those engaged in the business of the house—to learn, in fact, from the servants the latest gossip, to ask futile questions of them, and to sit in that idleness which will not allow others to be employed. In a word, this was the Señora Barena, and Concha, seeing her, stood for a moment in hesitation.

Then, with a signal to Conyngham, he crept noiselessly across the tessellated pavement to the shadow of the staircase. They passed up the broad steps without sound, and without awaking the sleeping lady. In the gallery above the priest paused and looked down into the courtyard, his grim face twisted into a queer smile, then at the woman sitting there, at life and all its illusions, perhaps. He shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

In the drawing-room they found Julia, who leapt to her feet and hurried across the floor when she saw Conyngham. She stood looking at him breathlessly, her whole history written in her eyes.

"Yes," she whispered, as if he had called her—"yes; what is it? Have you come to tell me—something?"

"I have come to give you a letter, señorita," he answered, handing her Larralde's missive. She held out her hand and never took her eyes from his face.

Concha walked to the window, the window from whence the alcalde of Ronda had seen Conyngham hand Julia Barena another letter. The old priest stood looking down into the garden, where, amid the feathery foliage of the pepper-trees and the bamboos, he could perceive the shadow of a black dress. Conyngham also turned away, and thus the two men, who held this woman's happiness in the hollow of their hands, stood listening to the crisp rattle of the paper as she tore the envelope and unfolded

her lover's letter. A great happiness and a great sorrow are alike impossible of realization. We only perceive their extent when their importance has begun to wane.

Julia Barena read the letter through to the end, and it is possible (for women are blind in such matters) failed to perceive the selfishness in every line of it. Then, with the message of happiness in her hand, she returned to the chair she had just quitted, with a vague wonder in her mind, and the very human doubt that accompanies all possessions, as to whether the price paid had not been too high.

Concha was the first to move. He turned and crossed the room toward Conyngham.

"I see," he said, "Estella in the garden."

And they passed out of the room together, leaving Julia Barena alone with her thoughts. On the broad stone balcony Concha paused.

"I will stay here," he said. He looked over the balustrade—Señora Barena was still asleep.

"Do not awake her," he whispered. "Let all sleeping things—sleep."

Conyngham passed down the stairs noiselessly, and through the doorway into the garden.

"And at the end the Gloria is chanted," said Concha, watching him go.

The scent of the violets greeted Conyngham as he went forward beneath the trees planted there in the Moslem's day. The running water murmured sleepily, as it hurried in its narrow channel toward the outlet through the grey wall, from whence it leapt four hundred feet into the Tajo below.

Estella was seated in the shade of a gnarled fig-tree, where tables and chairs indicated the Spanish habit of an out-of-door existence. She rose as he came toward her, and met his eyes gravely. A gleam of sun glancing through the leaves fell on her golden hair, half hidden by the mantilla, and showed that she was pale with some fear or desire.

Their attitude toward each other was one of mutual respect, which feeling should surely be the basis of love.

"Señorita," he said, "I have brought you the letter."

He held it out and she took it, turning over the worn envelope absent-mindedly.

"I have not read it myself, and am permitted to give it to you on one condition, namely, that you destroy it as soon as you have read it."

She looked at it again.

"It contains the lives of many men, their lives and the happiness of those connected with them," said Conyngham. "That is what you hold in your hand, señorita, as well as my life and happiness."

She raised her dark eyes to his for a moment, and then their tenderness was not of earth or of this world at all.

Then she tore the envelope and its contents slowly into a hundred pieces, and dropped the fluttering papers into the stream pacing in its marble bed toward the Tajo and the oblivion of the sea.

"There, I have destroyed the letter," she said, with a thoughtful little smile; then looking up, she met his eyes.

"I did not want it. I am glad you gave it to me. It will make a difference to our lives, though—I never wanted it."

Then she came slowly toward him.

From *The Revue des Deux Mondes*.
GERMAN PROFESSORS ON UNIVERSITY
WOMEN.

Of all the countries of Europe, Germany has been, up to the present time, the most refractory with regard to certain feminine claims; the least disposed to gratify the woman's ambition to be received at the universities on an equal footing with men. The Frenchmen have the reputation of being rather wedded to routine; but our Board of Education has long since welcomed the competition of women,

and authorized them to pass their examinations for the degrees, both of master and bachelor of arts. The legal faculty soon followed this example. A Roumanian, Mlle. Belsesco, and a Frenchwoman, Mlle. Chauvin, were awarded doctors' degrees, and, in 1888, despite the opposition both of students and professors, female medical students received permission to walk the hospitals of Paris. The same thing has happened almost everywhere. In Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia and Italy, as well as in the United States, women have full permission to practise medicine.

Hitherto, however, the majority of the German universities have either kept their doors fast closed, or have opened only a sliding panel, by way of signifying that the women were received on sufferance, not as a matter of right. A woman cannot attend the course at the University of Berlin without first satisfying both the minister of public instruction and the acting professor about her motives; and the grace is awarded by preference to foreigners; moreover, they are not permitted either to matriculate or to take degrees. At Jena matters are still worse. The four boards which govern the university refuse to admit women to the lecture-rooms, even as mere auditors, but turn them pitilessly out. Germany still resists; but there are certain signs that she will not resist much longer; that she is beginning to waver. Women will have proved yet once again, that when they will, they will; and that what they will is the will of God.

In the month of November, 1895, a Berlin journal contained the announcement that Prof. Erich Schmidt, and the celebrated historian, M. de Treitschke, who has since died, had expelled with violence certain ladies who had ventured to appear in their class-rooms. It was said that M. de Treitschke had even accompanied the execution of his mandate, by sharp and injurious language. It afterward appeared that the facts had been ex-

aggerated; but the incident induced a journalist by the name of M. Artnur Kirchoff to make inquiries among more than a hundred professors, chosen from those best known, on the question of the admissibility of women to university courses. Their answers, in writing, have been collected and published; and the volume¹ deserves attention.

We perceive, at the outset, from a cursory examination of the collection, that the pure obstructionists, resolved not to yield the women an inch, and to refuse their requests without ceremony, are extremely rare. I can find but a few who categorically decline all compromise. At their head stands a venerable professor of philology in the University of Göttingen, M. Ferdinand Wüstenfeld, who expresses himself as follows: "I shall soon have completed my eightieth year, and I am forced, in writing you, to employ an amanuensis. Suffice it to say, that I am absolutely opposed to the admission of women to academic studies or to any profession whatever which demands a learned education." It is permissible at eighty, to have but little liking for novelties, and the ladies will know how to pardon this surly philologist, the unequivocal sentence which he does not take pains to justify. They will owe a deeper grudge to a professor of law at Berlin, M. Glerke, who sums up the matter thus: "We live in serious times. The German people has something better to do, than to make rash experiments in female education. The one thing that concerns us is that our men should be men. It is always a sign of decadence when we are reduced to demanding of the women a virility in which the men are lacking." It is thus that M. Glerke contrives at one stroke, to put up the backs both of his countrymen and countrywomen!

But if the sworn enemies of what they call in Germany the "academic

¹ Die akademische Frau: Gutschten hervorragender Universitäts-professoren über die Befähigung der Frau zum wissenschaftlichen Studium und Berufe: Berlin, 1897. Hugo Steinitz Verlag.

woman" are not numerous, truth compels us to own that she has but few warm and enthusiastic partisans. A certain number endeavor to persuade themselves that her admission will prove advantageous to scientific studies; that the ardor of her zeal will stimulate sluggish brains, and awaken a noble emulation among the bearded youth; that nothing, in short, will make a boy-student work, like the sight of a girl-student working. A larger number seem to fear that the girl will prove a dangerous rival to the boy, if she is ugly; and a deplorable distraction if she is fair. They consider that a pretty girl's face is the book of all others which attracts the most, and instructs the least.

Upon the whole, the mood of most of the professors consulted by M. Kirchhoff may be described as one of resignation. They admit that there are streams which never run backwards, and that the man who does not desire to be drowned had better follow the direction of the current. Some put a good face upon it; others submit sadly and with a visible effort. One feels that they are gulping an unpalatable draught. "After all," they say with a profound sigh, "if women *will* study, who can hinder them? They are bent upon disturbing our peace, and stripping us of a privilege which we held very dear. *Beati possidentes*. But let us endeavor to be just, and not forget that we are judges in our own cause. We persist in believing that the true vocation of the German woman, and her natural function is to marry, have many children, and bring them up—somehow. But the objection is urged that there are more women in our country than men; that there are, in fact, at least a million *Allemandes* for whom, though never so well disposed to marry, there are no husbands to be had. We do not undertake to supply this deficiency. Let us at least help them, or make a show of helping them to get their own living. After all, those who attempt to earn their bread, in the liberal or scientific professions will always be an exception.

Would it affect the destinies of the German Empire, even if we did have a few female doctors? It is hard to have to yield to an unreasonable caprice; but we live in an age when folly has to be reckoned with; and since it has pleased woman to change the idea she formerly entertained of herself, let us flatter her new fad. She will get over it possibly, sooner than she imagines." Thus, the *resigned*; not throwing the door wide open, but simply leaving it ajar. It is all the women want. They do not care for being received with enthusiasm. It is enough that they are received. Once inside, they will undertake to arrange the house to suit themselves, and do its honors in their own way.

It must gratify woman to observe that her declared enemies, no less than her friends, almost all admit, in theory, the intellectual equality of the sexes; and if they wish to shut her out of the universities, it is not because they consider her incapable of winning her spurs there. There are some, however, who make reservations, and those who make the largest number are the professors of history. They claim that of all branches of study, woman has the smallest natural disposition for historical research. M. Jacob Caro reproaches her with having, along with a tendency to minute detail, a passion for chimeras; with failing wholly to grasp the enduring and fatal element in human affairs; and with jumping at the conclusion that social maladies may be cured by artificial means. "To abandon history to women," he cries out, smiting his breast, "would be to proclaim a perpetual revolution." M. Busolt, professor at Kiel, is less tragic. He contents himself with remarking that the essential qualifications of a historian are, "severity of method, exactitude in research, the discernment of hidden causes, accuracy of judgment, general ideas, comprehensive views; *all of which gifts have been denied to women.*" Perhaps he goes just a little too far. I remember once asking Louis Blanc from what

one book he had derived most inspiration in preparing his history of the French Revolution. "There is but one book," he answered, "the 'Considerations' of Mme. de Staël. Read that, and you may dispense with all the rest." But genius has no sex.

It is a curious fact that among all the professors consulted, it is the mathematicians who have paid the finest tribute to the female intellect. Never say again that women have an instinctive antipathy to abstractions. M. Felix Klein will tell you that their aptitude for the most abstract of all sciences, the higher mathematics, is positively remarkable, and that six ladies, two Americans, one English-woman and three Russians, have attended his lectures during the last semester, and done him great honor. M. Weyer enumerates twenty-one women who have distinguished themselves in mathematics, from Ptolémaïs of Cyrene, and the renowned Hypatia, down to Sophie Germain, who corresponded for a long time with Gauss, without his ever suspecting that she was a young girl; to Mary Somerville with her studies in celestial mechanics, and the justly celebrated Sophia Koralevski, who filled the chair of mathematics at Stockholm, and whose essay on the problem of the rotation of a solid body round a fixed point, was crowned by our *Académie des Sciences* in 1888, by the award of the Bordin prize, increased for the occasion from three thousand to five thousand francs.

"She had," says M. Weyer, "a powerful imagination, which she employed in making her discoveries. She employed it also in dreams about the fourth dimension. It was perhaps the part of her science where romance came in. She employed it oftener yet, in the self-tormenting effort to convince herself that scientific discoveries bring small joy to the discoverer, and that true happiness consists in being young and in being beloved. She used to maintain that there must be something good about the devil, and that without him there could be no har-

mony either in the universe or in our souls. Whenever she was able to divert her mind from speculation on the theory of elliptical functions, or curves defined by differential equations, she would brood sadly enough over that other problem, "Why am I not loved?" M. Weyer does not tell this anecdote for the purpose of disgusting women with the infinitesimal calculus. He is one of the very few German professors who wish well to souls tormented of the devil. He admits indeed that the Sophias Koralevskis are rare; but protests that a great many young girls have a taste and a gift for abstruse reasoning. He once gave some lessons in nautical astronomy to the captain of a merchant vessel who requested that his daughter might be present, on the ground that she understood these things so quickly and easily that she could always explain to him what he had failed to grasp.

The enemies of the "academic woman" are not concerned to deny her aptitudes, and some of them would kindly allow her to take her degrees. But what then? they say. Shall we open to her all the careers to which these degrees give access? Alas, those careers are already so crowded! How many graduates and doctors do no more than miserably vegetate, and die without ever having obtained the lucrative employment of their desire! The "middle-class proletariat" is one of the ulcers of our time. Its numbers will be indefinitely increased by the admission of women to the learned professions. We are already pining away. The women will take the bread out of our mouths. And then, are they actually fit for business, or for any and all professions? Let them practise medicine if they will. There may be services which are best rendered by women-doctors. But she-lawyers! No doubt they have adroit minds, and a genius for chicanery; but then they are so passionate, and passion spoils all. Although Mile. Chauvin maintained her thesis in the most brilliant manner, she was, in the interests of order, very wisely forbidden to

plead. At one time in ancient Rome, the Roman women did plead, but one of them forfeited her privilege by the insults she uttered, whereupon the pretor condemned them all to silence. Is it possible to fancy a woman on the bench, administering justice? A professor of law in the University of Strasburg undertakes to show that she would occupy herself less with the case and the provisions of the code than with the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of the accused, and that her conscience would always be amenable to an advocate with a fine face and figure.

The woman's-rights professors are not daunted by such objections. Of course the liberal professions are encumbered; and the middle-class proletariat is an Egyptian plague; and the competition of women will aggravate the mischief. But injustice is a bad remedy; and the new competition will have excellent effects if only it discourages the incapable; if the lawyer without a case and the doctor without a patient, are led to renounce their ambitions, and resign themselves to seeking a livelihood in one of those small trades which excite no jealousy, and can always be relied upon to support a certain number of lives. What harm would it do society, if a sluggard or a booby were to resign his public functions to an intelligent and industrious woman? The desirable thing, of course, is for the game to be quite fair. Let the state which favors nobody, and has never been suspected of gallantry, maintain a strict neutrality between the sexes, taking care that the two combatants have the same conditions of wind and sun; and then, let the best win, whether in short hair, or in long! Let us distrust our prejudices, and the alarm excited by novel objects. M. Karl Frenzel points out that we have long suffered women to act and to sing, to paint and to write. We are getting used to their appearance on socialistic platforms; we shall presently accept the woman-pleader and the woman preacher. "Hold out against it if you will! But surely Hy-

patia knew more of the divine essence than did Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, who had her stoned and torn in pieces by his monks!"

M. Wüstenfeld, the venerable octogenarian of Göttingen, is one of those forcible souls who do not mince matters. The enemies of the "academic woman" seldom care to imitate his brutal frankness. There are artful beings among them who consider discretion the better part of valor, and who prefer to attain their end by stratagem. "Make no mistake!" they say to the sisterhood. "It is we who are your true friends! It is in your own interest—ever dear and sacred to us—that we conjure you to abate your pretensions and not force the doors of the universities! You are playing a desperate game. We admire, more than any one, your aptitude for science. What you lack is preparation,—preliminary study! Now this sort of thing is acquired in gymnasiums. And gymnasiums will never become bi-sexual establishments. It is contrary to our manners. We must establish feminine gymnasiums,—which you will have to enter at twelve or fourteen years of age. Will you be able to tell, at that age, whether you have a decided genius for study? The majority will become disheartened and renounce the course, and these will be the happier. The rest will permanently impair their health. The malady of the age is anemia, consumption,—that fatal weakness of the nerves,—by which all the educated and governing classes are so deeply tainted. When chlorosis is married to consumption what will the offspring be,—and what ever will become of our poor Germany?"

"And not only," they go on, will the bodily health of woman be destroyed by this fatal régime,—her soul also will lose its essential qualities. "Have a care, young ladies," is the warning of a private tutor in the university of Berlin. Living as they live now, women are altogether superior to us, and in spite of a seeming dependence, they are the rulers. We poor men,—

condemned to begin so far back the preparation for our profession, we get specialized at an early date,—whether we will or no. We are not men; we are sections of men. It is you, who, by virtue of your openness of mind and your universal sympathies, represent the integral human creature. You are fitted to comprehend all,—feel all,—gather the flower of everything. You are the charm and the consolation of our *ennui*. If you had the misfortune to resemble us, how dreary life would be! How empty! How grey!"

Another Berlin professor, M. Karl Stumpf, sets the same tune to different words. "Reflect a moment," he says, "if we grant your prayer, it will doubtless become as easy for you as for us, to obtain fine appointments and fat places. But remember that pale cheeks, irritable nerves, and spectacled eyes, exercise but a feeble empire over the male sex. Remember, too, that a doctor's cap and the profoundest erudition can never make up for the loss of that freshness of thought and feeling, that instinctively just conception of life and of the world, that fine discernment of real and fictitious values; in a word, all those natural gifts which go to make up a woman's indefinable charm. You cannot drive two nails into the same hole; and if it is impossible, strictly speaking, to be both as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, it is equally so to possess two distinct orders of wisdom. Believe me, yours is the better kind; as truly as the least of your perceptions is worth more than all our reasoning from abstract principles." . . . "Have it your own way then!" exclaims M. Steinthal in his turn, "Give us Raphaels, Mozarts, Leibnitzes! They will be but a poor substitute for the human race, which will disappear along with the true woman! The precious gifts now in your possession are a heritage that has been slowly accumulating during millions of years. Once lost, it will never be regained. We may some day see a Goethe in petticoats, but never

again a mother of Goethe, and I, for one, shall be inconsolable."

The "womanists" make answer, of course, to these gloomy prophets, that the woes they announce will never come to pass; that their terrors are imaginary; that young girls will not become anæmic in their gymnasiums; that study will not blanch their cheeks and impoverish their blood; that women are, as a matter of fact, more enduring than men; more patient of pain and labor and fatigue. Where is the man who could bear the life of a washerwoman or a nursery-governess? On the contrary their health will be confirmed by exercise, gymnastics, and sport. And who says they will lose their attractiveness? There are fools who are hideous to behold. There are *doctoresses* who are full of fascination. There are charming women at the present time and there are disagreeable women; and there always will be, whether they learn Greek and comparative anatomy or no. And after all, what is the use of arguing? You are undertaking to protect their happiness against their own imprudent desires; they want to be happy in their own way. They are not content with the lot you have assigned them; and a society where the women are discontented, is a house toppling to its fall. Make it your business to satisfy them, or they will go over to the revolutionary camp and a revolution which has enlisted the women can never be controlled.

To sum up: If the hundred and twenty professors consulted by M. Kirchhoff were to meet in congress, and the question were to be decided by the majority of votes, the women should undoubtedly win their case. But let them make no mistake! The tale of their convinced and ardent partisans would very soon be told. The prevailing spirit of the assembly would be one of resignation to an experiment which must be made. Either it will succeed, and the unanimous cry of the professors will be "God help us!" or it will fail, and they will experience a mild gratification which they will do their

best to dissemble. For German professors may boast, as they will, that they fear nothing. Women intimidate them. They dread the bee, and the bee's sting. A certain professor of theology at Berlin, Baron Goden, speaks for the whole company of the *resigned* when he says: "There are experiments which we must submit to see tried. If this one should fail" He who "made them male and female" will smile, and the men who understand women best, will smile also. Haughty refusals and the severity of the mandarin have had their day and have gone by. We entrench ourselves in irony.

In the train of the question discussed by the hundred-and-twenty professors comes another, on which a certain number of opinions have already been given. It is not enough to satisfy the small number of women who aspire to the doctorate. Ought not something to be done for those who, without any one definite ambition desire to increase their store of knowledge, and accuse men of grudging them the bread of the spirit? They are sharp-set; they are pleading hunger; and they are offered only a half-ration.

On the 26th of September, 1896, Mlle. Nathalie de Milde spoke as follows before the Woman's Congress at Berlin: "What rank and what task do the men assign us? They would have it our sole occupation to admire them; love them; set our hopes upon them. Since we are not sufficient unto ourselves, they would have the days of our youth consumed in waiting for the apparition of the matchless being who will transform our languishing life into a true life. Owning no law but their own tyrannous egotism, they would have us remain always ignoramuses with empty heads, and hearts filled with the seductive image of themselves." Mlle. Milde went on to complain of the literature of the day, and the ideal of woman presented by the poets and novelists. She quoted with high scorn this verse, which Geibel puts into the mouth of a young girl. "The garden is white with hoar-frost. Let me sleep! Let me dream; My life is in suspense

until spring comes, and love." And does not Paul Heyse make another virgin say, "I would sleep long among the roses, till the man comes who can win my heart"? "Wretches!" cries Mlle. Milde. "We want *work*, and they condemn us to dreams. They would reduce us to the rôle of the beloved; while love means naught for them but the abject submission of one who has no mind to give. We will prove that we are no mere dolls; that we are of the race of Psyche; that we are resolved to see, and to know; and to learn, lamp in hand, whether the love on which they plume themselves is true love! We will prove that their dolls are worthy to work by their sides, at the great business of civilization!"

It would be curious to ascertain M. Wüstenfeld's real ideas about the education and destiny of young girls. That stern old man has the air of forbidding them to dream. What would he have them do? Would he consider it enough to teach them cooking and housekeeping? Is it his opinion

Que régler la dépense avec économie,
Doit être leur étude, et leur philosophie?

Would he approve the Hungarian proverb which affirms that the woman who knows how to keep out of the gutter on rainy days, knows enough? He has not spoken clearly upon this point, and I feel disturbed by his silence. I suspect him of a sovereign contempt for female-colleges. His brother-professors who have declared their views in this matter are, for the most part, no *Chrysales*. "The barbarian," says M. Möllendorf, "looks upon women as beasts of burden; the pasha merely requires them to be beautiful. Let us not forget that they have souls craving to be fed, nor stint them of their fare." One of the Berlin professors expresses himself in still more generous terms. He says the men would do well, in their own interests merely, to educate women carefully and regardless of expense. He maintains that they will get their money back; that an educated woman costs less to support than a

fool; that she cares less for jewels, laces, gauds and frills; that the *Henriettes* are exacting; preoccupied with their clothes; determined to shine; while the man who marries Armande will have a good thing; because a dash of idealism is the surest means of lightening the household expenses.

I am not quite so sure of it. I can well believe that Sophia Koralevski spent very little for the gowns and hats which she never bought herself. But it is to be remarked that she was descended from a Bohemian dame who occupied herself with something worse even than her toilet. My own idea is that a woman may love mathematics and yet not despise jewelry; their minds are so supple and versatile! They understand so well the art of reconciling contradictions! If I were so happy as to be a German professor, and if M. Kirchhoff had sent me a list of his little questions, I would have answered, by return of courier, that, reserving the question of expense, I consider that we are the more bound to exert ourselves about the education of women, because we exert ourselves less and less about our own; and the things of the mind having become quite indifferent to us, there will be nobody to take them seriously in the twentieth century, unless the women do so.

In an age of utilitarian and materialistic civilization, when everything is sacrificed to comfort and well being, when science is prized for its industrial applications only, and democratic ideas are married to the fetichism of machinery and the increasing idolatry of wealth, would it not be a good thing, if there were to grow up a highly select society of women, of open, healthful, wide-awake minds, who should cultivate all sorts of disinterested curiosities, love truth in all its forms, and worship, precisely those arts and sciences which can be turned to no practical account? They will either prevent man from becoming thoroughly imbruted, or they will make him ashamed of his coarseness. A remnant of delicacy will lead them to cherish the refined tastes and the kindly

hypocrisies which are no longer his. American men frankly concede that American women are their superiors in all that does not concern banking, commerce, and huge and hazardous speculations. They immerse themselves in business with fervor, with rage; for this they were born; but they rejoice to feel that their women are unlike themselves, and spend their leisure in sharpening their wits, refining their taste and their reason, and in fitting themselves to appreciate those joys which have never brought in dollars. Whether or no idealism lightens the expenses of the household, it is undoubtedly necessary to the happiness and stability of society. Its last refuge will be in the heart of woman; but the heart is never healthy when the mind is not employed.

Let women be educated! No man, except a philologue, here and there, will object. The pity of it is, that they are prone to superstition; and it is a dangerous superstition to suppose that their salvation depends on their admission to the universities; and that their only means of acquiring a given science is to place themselves under the tutelage of ordinary, or extraordinary, professors. Just at present this is their hobby; I might say their mania. One of M. Kirchhoff's correspondents, Edouard de Hartman, reproaches the German ladies with cherishing fatal illusions upon this point, and he gives them, in his curt way, a warning on which they would do well to meditate. "Lecture-rooms," he says, in substance, "appear of late to have exercised over you some mysterious and magical attraction. They seem to you a sort of intellectual paradise. It is a ridiculous mistake. They are a great deal more like barracks where the manual of arms is taught mechanically. I will tell you a great secret. The way to acquire knowledge is *to read*. Let those of you who do not care for degrees, and who really aspire to mental culture, *stay at home and read*. Get it clearly fixed in your minds, that those of your brothers and your future husbands who do not read after they leave

the university, will never be anything but dullards and ignoramuses; while all the universities in the world are superfluous to the woman who can read.

This is well said. Unhappily, to know how to read, and reflect on what is read, to suck the marrow of a book, assimilate it, convert it into one's own substance and put something of oneself into it, give it the stamp of the *ego*, this is a rare art, and one that is becoming rarer. Permit me to cite the instance of a woman born near the end of the last century. She knew botany without ever having sat under a professor. She knew the plants of her own country, their families, their French and Latin names, the places where they grew, their habits and ways. She wanted a colored herbarium, and perfected herself in water-color painting for the purpose of representing flowers. She felt her way slowly until she acquired a method of her own, a *technique*. Her herbarium is a marvel of sincerity; roots, shoots, leaves and flowers,—all are living and true to nature. I asked her one day how she ever came to know botany so thoroughly. "My son," she replied, "I was always passionately fond of it."

I fancy that my mother was right. One must begin by loving. It is love that works miracles. The woman who can *love*, the true woman, enjoys the privilege of knowing much which she has never learned, and of learning much without knowing how. I am of M. Steinthal's mind. If the true woman were to disappear, the loss would be irreparable. Whatever reflected glory we might receive from our *doctoresses* they could never take her place. The whole world would go lame.

Translated for The Living Age from the French of G. Valbert.

to drive the Horses of the Sun. It is an apt illustration of the international position of Greece a few weeks ago. Until the end of March this year, in spite of the proverbial uncertainties of war, and of the tendencies among the powers, no one in Greece doubted that the time was at hand for the extension of the rule of King George, not only over part of the old Macedonia, but over, with a longer or shorter interval, the old realm of King Minos. The latter aspiration may yet be realized; the former has been dissipated for many a day like a cloud on Hymettus when a summer sun rises over the Egean. The people who assume to be the Hellenes have proved unable even to defend the Thessalian province which was given them by and in pursuance of the Treaty of Berlin, and from which the Hellenes originally came to mould the destinies of the Greek world, and form imperishable and glorious records in arts and arms. I am unable, for one, to accept the theory that the modern Greeks are in any real sense either the true representatives of the ancient Greek race or the repository of its traditions. There are more true Greeks in Constantinople itself than in the whole of King George's realm; almost as many in Smyrna. The people bear traces everywhere—not to enter into the disputed question of the Semitic origin of the Greeks of old—of the supremacy of the Turks for four hundred years of modern history. The Albanian element is also diffused far and wide. And if there be, as there unquestionably is, left in Athens a remnant of the Greek spirit, it is saown less in arts (or in arms) than in the unrest and the desire for "some new thing" which St. Paul, in common with the best minds of ancient Greece, satirized and deplored. "They spend their time in nothing else," said the Apostle of the Gentiles, than discussing or inventing the news of the day. They live in a perpetual fever of what a British tar the day of my arrival called "jaw." "Murder most foul" flashes from their eyes as they dispute the simplest proposition. Gestures of physical intimidation accompany such

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE THESSALIAN WAR OF 1897.

The Greek International postage-stamp represents Phaeton attempting

a statement as that the Greek fleet is more powerful, if smaller, than that of the Turks. Shrieks and half-a-dozen talking together emphasize such a question of fact as that there is a vessel going that night from the Piræus to Volo. Not one in a thousand can form the slightest idea of what the elder Pliny meant when he said "*Ipsa silentia adoremus*;" that is left for the Western suddenly plunged into their midst.

My previous visits to Greece had been for such short periods that they may be left out of account as mere calls, and so the national characteristic, the national vice—for of vice in the ordinary meaning of the word to an Englishman Greece is conspicuously free—came on me as a revelation. To my mind it accounts for a great deal that has happened. People who jabber so much have no time for thinking. They live on illusions the product of their verbosity.

Tout la Grèce a un peu de Tarascon.

That they have no legitimate grievances against Turkey and the powers I am the last to assert. It was a noble impulse which induced them to hold out a hand to their suffering brethren in Crete lately, and as occasion arose ever since the powers and especially the British government, which failed to fulfil the intentions of George Canning, deprived the young kingdom of the possession of the island which is more Greek than Attica, and which then and since has had undying aspirations for unity with the realm constituted by the Protocol of London. But it had the incurable defect that it was not in accordance with common sense. That quality is very rare in Greece. Had she known how to exercise some self-restraint, to abate talk and calculate her chances, there is little doubt Crete would now belong to the Greek kingdom. That was not to be. Greece not only threw an armed force into Crete, but her secret societies, in their own way and unrestrained by the government of Athens, declared war on Turkey on the frontier of Macedonia. These secret societies in Greece control

often directed from foreign shores. One of their most active chiefs is a banker at Alexandria. They are mainly financed from without. They consist very largely of professional men who, moved by intense if ill-judged patriotism, cannot wait, but, forsaking the competition of civil life, rush to the frontier and carry on the undying war against the hereditary foe, lurking in villages, sleeping in the mountains in goat's hair "*kappas*," living on black bread, and more or less in combination forcing the hand of the Turk, and inducing him to exhaust himself and his resources in parrying the thrusts of the "*irregulars*" armed with Greek government rifles and cartridges and implacable hate. This time they outran the constable. The Turk gathered what is left of his strength and struck back.

The Greek government was meanwhile preparing to back up its Irregulars. It summoned its clans, its frontier guards its artillery, its cavalry (as it is called), and its few regiments of regular infantry—perhaps fifteen thousand men all told—on the frontier of Epirus and Thessaly; it called out its first reserves—reserves, be it understood, which had never had a day's proper training, though in a more or less remote past they had had some drill. And they threw the whole into an attitude of defiance, and spoke confidently of their "*army*." They had no train, no discipline, no practice in marching or in delivering the attack. They were simply a conglomerate armed mob, officered by men, mainly, appointed to commissions because, to use an American expression, they had a political pull. In their ranks were to be found a few men who had made some sort of a study of war—a few engineers and artillerymen, a few officers who had not got the "*pull*," and who, therefore, remained lieutenants though grizzled in their locks, and though they had travelled to study their calling. But, like the loaves and fishes on a memorable occasion what were they among so many? For, no doubt, political or dynastic reasons the crown prince was made *generalissimo* of the army. He is

alike the court and the camp. They are a young man of about nine-and-twenty, with a serious character and with some ability, but absolutely without experience in warfare, or even in the handling of troops for instructional purposes in time of peace. He is regarded with a certain respect, but he is not popular. To him was given a staff which was probably as good as could be found; but in the realm of the blind the one-eyed man is king. He and they went to the Thessalian frontier. They took up their quarters at Larissa, some twelve miles from Tyrnavos, which was the nearest town to the frontier. And there they did their best to bring the army to some sort of condition in which it could meet the enemy presently. They were not successful. Why? Because they had no real instructors. The sergeants knew far more than the officers.

There are no civil grades in Greece. Every man is as good as another, and better too, as an Irishman would say, and Greece is a country in which every man hails another not by his family name or title but by his "front name." The ranks contained many men as well educated, as well off, as the officers. They called their officers Aleko, or Georgi, or Janni. They met their officers on equal terms off parade. Sometimes the officers ventured on physical violence, but this was always to peasants; to townsmen they were more tolerant. And in all ranks alike there was an amount of ignorance of the realities and first principles of military life which could not be equalled in France, Germany, Russia, or England in the case of recruits of a month's standing. In time, I have no doubt, the force might have been licked into some sort of shape, and the officers, who were largely unable to even drill their men, indoctrinated into some notion of the duties falling on them in the field. They had no care for their men as a western officer cares for his. The water-supply was abundant, generally, and always, so far as I saw, of unrivalled purity; but there was no control of it, and it was used at its source

for any and every purpose, meat, and even entrails of meat, being washed in what men had to fill their bottles from. Latrines there were none. An attempt was made in one camp to form them, but it was given up, and the state of the vicinity of the bivouacks may be imagined, it certainly cannot be here described.

The rations were ample until the Greek Holy Week, when they shrunk to black bread, lamb coming on in quantities incalculable after Easter, but no organization for cooking existed, the usual way to dispose of a lamb being for a certain number of men to take one, spit it on a branch, and half roast or over-roast it on wood ashes as they would or could, while a kind of tripe was sometimes made of the entrails if they were not thrown aside to poison the air. The bread, black and sour, was occasionally varied by biscuits when ovens were not near, and the biscuit was undoubtedly a great deal more wholesome than the bread. Cartridges were issued on demand to recruits as to others, and they were used to express the most simple emotions. In steamers going up they were employed, without check by the officers, to welcome the appearance of another steamer. In a train they were fired off in pure light-heartedness by the hundred and the thousand. At Easter it was dangerous to go out in Volo, for the bullets that were flying about to celebrate the Resurrection. For a long time saluting officers was a thing that entered into the heads of few. All at once there was a change for the better, but it was only a perfunctory business at the best. And the one thing that I saw highly commendable was the unwearied industry of headquarters. As has been said, it might have done much in time. But the Turks did not give it time. Before it was ready they struck in. They had found that patience and endurance did not save them from the "irregulars" and secret society men. So, without declaring war, they began making regular war.

It was surprising to see how little the Greeks relished sauce for the gander

which they had thought so excellent for the goose. To begin fighting under such circumstances was an infamy that was only equalled by the employment of German officers both to advise and to direct the Turks. The Greeks were organizing a foreign legion, but that was another thing, and really it was so frankly in breach of international law that the thing ceased to astonish. But I agree with the Greeks that the employment of German officers with the express sanction of the German emperor in fighting with and for the Turks is a novelty that cannot but be reprobated. The Greeks were at peace with Germany. German ships lay peaceably in Greek harbors. Commerce went on undisturbed, and German goods were allowed free course in Greek markets. The wife of the crown prince is the sister of the German emperor. But all that made no difference. German officers, who had been training the Turkish army, fought with it in the field, nay, directed it. Their influence was visible everywhere in the operations. Some of them were even killed while leading Turkish troops. The correspondents with the Turkish forces, to whom I tender my congratulations on the information and facilities afforded them, which were sadly to seek on our side, made no secret about this and that being done by German officers on their own authority. Nevertheless, this active intervention for one ally against another is surely charged with consequences as a precedent which the intemperate Kaiser can scarcely have foreseen, but which will not be lost on the turbulent element in the world for the future. In fact, International Law seems to have gone into the melting-pot, and mankind may well wait in perturbation for what is to come out of it.

The Greek plan of campaign was to hold on tight to the East Thessalian frontier, strike in by the centre frontier through the Irregulars, and advance in Epirus, where the Turks would be most helpless, as they had not the command of the sea, and railways could not assist them. The

Turkish plan was almost the converse of this: to strike through on the Olympian frontier, to merely hold the frontier of the Khassia Mountains, and to yield not a step in Epirus, letting the last man fall if necessary at Jannina, so immortally associated with the name of the old Albanian Pacha Ali. It is but just to say that the Greeks have a genuine grievance about this frontier. Jannina and Olympus were both given to Greece by the International Boundary Commission, and a far inferior frontier substituted. Greece for a long time held out against the wrong, but Turkey would not give way, and rather than take up arms, seeing she did secure the bulk of Thessaly, Greece accepted less than had been awarded her. This international hocus-pocus (perhaps designedly) hampered Greece from the first inception of the campaign I now deal with. But what hampered her still more was the fact that Turkey threw into the field a number of troops, well trained, fairly supplied, well in hand, far superior to those that Greece with its small population could possibly produce. From the first the Turks had the preponderance within striking distance of all tactical points. If they mulled their advance at first, if they did not feel the weakness of their opponents at once, we may safely put the fact down to two things—the inevitable difference of opinion between the nominal commanders and the real commanders, between the Turks and the Germans; and the demoralizing influence always brought to bear, since the introduction of the telegraph, on Ottoman commanders in the field by the Seraskierate Council and the Palace Council in Constantinople. It took a week to get over these difficulties. Then all was plain sailing. The Greeks were outnumbered everywhere at once, and that by trained soldiers furnished with a sufficient supply of cavalry, while the Greeks had but five hundred most indifferent "mounted infantry" filling the old rôle of dragoons.

The Greek artillery, on the other hand, was better than the Turkish. It

did get its shells home occasionally, though it had no variety of ammunition. The Turkish fire from first to last was absurdly bad, and, if anything, the attempts to use shrapnel were worse than the practice with the common shell. The Greeks were outnumbered everywhere at once, I have said. From first to last I cannot make out that, apart from the lines of communication, they had more than forty-five thousand infantry in the field, all told; probably, including the lines of communication and the reserves called out, but not joining the colors in time to affect the result, there were fifty thousand men more or less uniformed, besides artillery and the five hundred cavalry. What artillery there was is uncertain. I have had very different stories told me of the actual strength. Forty batteries was one story; I have seen perhaps forty guns all told, with men. There were a number of long Krupps with a bore not much larger than that of the field guns disposable. But they needed a great deal of hauling. They had eight, rather too small, horses apiece, and then they could move only at a walk. The field guns with six horses were more mobile, but not sufficiently so for good work; they could not get up a gallop with loaded limbers. The mountain batteries were better; they were well appointed in every detail that I could discover, the mules being large and of good quality, while the carriages carried were efficient, if a trifle light. If I say that I have no great fault to find with the handling of the artillery, the statement must be taken with reference to its action in the face of the enemy. For there did not seem to be the slightest notion that there was anything to be regretted in abandoning guns, not in presence of the foe, so long as the breech-pieces could be removed—the modern equivalent for spiking.

When I reached the frontier, just one day late for the very beginning of the regular fighting, the situation was as follows in Thessaly. The Irregulars were across the Turkish frontier at Kalambaka, claiming to have got as

far as Grevena, and to have cut the communication between the Turkish right in Epirus and left in Thessaly. If I have conceived the Ottoman plan of campaign aright this did not much matter, since Epirus was intended to be left isolated if needful. Still, there was a Turkish brigade at or near Grevena trying to bring the Irregulars to an action on definite terms. Practically, we may take it, the two sides held each other here. The centre and pivot of the Turkish left was at Ellassona, which had been fortified à la Plevna, though, of course, with differences of detail, according to the nature of the ground. One brigade guarded the pass. The pass, for Boghaz is Turkish for pass or defile or strait, and consequently Boghazli meant the pass par excellence, through which the Xerias, main northern affluent of the Peneus, though generally dry, as its name implies, finds its way, cutting the mountains to Tyrnavos and the Peneus below Larissa. This is probably the pass through which the "millions" of Xerxes found their way into Thessaly, though how they were fed there, or elsewhere, is one of the greatest wonders in all history. The Greeks had also a brigade here, and they had undoubtedly got the command of the pass, though the Turks held on resolutely to its western end at Damasi, where a battery commanded the debouchement from first to last. The Greek infantry showed itself good here on several occasions, but could never get out of the mouth near the Turkish camp, which I examined at my leisure from only a few dozen yards in front of the Greek positions north-west of Tyrnavos. The line of hill-crests hence eastwards was in the hands of the Greeks, save only at the top of the Malouna Pass, where the Turks had a large blockhouse. This pass was formerly a mere bridle track, but the Greeks had made an excellent zigzag road to a rival blockhouse they had established—as good a road as was needed for artillery into Thessaly, though a very painful pull for guns going from Thessaly into Turkish territory. The Turks had improved their

road on the other side, so what had been a difficult defile had become the main road. Here a Greek division held the mouth of the defile, and in my judgment might have held it for a long period if only the pass in question had been concerned. But a few miles of awful ground to the eastwards there was another pass, by a lake called Nezeros (? Nazareth), and a mountain called Analepsis, or the Assumption.

It was not by any means assumed by the Greeks that this rough pass was safe. On the contrary, every precaution was taken about it, and it was held in strength, though not, as events proved, in sufficient strength, which want of troops prevented. East of this again the frontier descended to the Gulf of Salonica, with the Vale of Tempe as its guard. The Greeks had but a few troops here. It seems to have been thought that the access to Thessaly in this direction was too difficult, besides being flanked from Nezeros. But, twenty centuries before, King Philip (V.) of Macedon had brought his army through the Vale of Tempe to meet the Roman Consul Flaminius, and, as many a campaign has shown, difficulties that were thought insuperable by the ancients are scarcely difficulties to moderns, even Turks. Thus a coach road runs through the Pass of Thermopylae itself, and another flanks it by a still easier route, which no general would now hesitate to take with infantry, if he had enough of them, even though the road had not been made. In any case the Vale of Tempe was but indifferently held by the Greeks, though the very poor outline map, from which most of them worked, itself shows a coast road by Platamona. At length the Turks brought a division across the Malouna Pass which the Greeks had so obligingly made easy for them, and which it was not in their nature to have made so for themselves. Even then the Greeks held the mouth of the defile secure from the slopes of Mount Kritiri on their left to near Derele. A tortoise-shaped hill in the midst of their position gave them the means of hiding a

considerable portion of their force and of deploying it right or left as seemed desirable. But the bulk of their infantry was kept behind stone breast-works, or lining a small banked enclosure, or lying in a belt of grass marked by frequent trees following the dry bed of a mountain stream which sometimes descends from Kritiri to the Xerfas. They were kept for four days, more or less shifted about, exposed to Turkish shell-fire and Turkish long-range, or rather unaimed, rifle-fire without permission to return it—indeed without the power of returning it, though the waste of cartridges on other occasions might have led to the idea they would at least take the opportunity of relieving their feelings by letting off a few rounds.

For four days, as has been said, the Turks held the Greeks here, as the Greeks held the Turks. There were a few skirmishes to give variety to the artillery duel of which the Greeks had the best—none of the fighting being of any importance in itself, and what there was conspicuous for the absence on both sides of anything like fire-discipline or fire-control. For hours together the firing would stop, for no apparent reason; presently it would be resumed without any real purpose being evident. And so four days passed until the twenty-third April, when what has been dignified as the battle of Matl took place. It resembled the other days in nearly every respect. Towards evening the Turks, who had been getting troops by degrees, in small numbers, over the pass, made an attempt to push on their left from the village of Karatsall towards Derele, but it was defeated by a few battalions in the tree-adorned dip and the Greek artillery, a fresh field battery of which had crossed the lower part of the Xerfas coming up from Larissa direct. There was no harm done to the positions or the troops at this point on either side by all the work of the week, save that the Turks had been strengthening their men and that the Greeks were becoming a bit exhausted. It was their Holy Week. They had had

nothing but black bread since the Monday, and they would not have eaten any meat if they could have got it. They were kept on their posts day and night. On the *qui vive* all day, they slept by turns of companies where they lay all night. So were the Messenians exhausted at Ira some six hundred and sixty-two years B.C., opposing the Spartans. The so-called Battle of Mati took place on the Greek Good Friday, when the exhaustion of the troops was at its height or depth. That night, or rather as soon as evening fell, the order was issued for a retreat on Larissa. The Turks had turned the Greek right and were already at Derele, which, though said to be chiefly inhabited by Turks, was soon on fire. Knowing something of the history and usage of retreats, I thought it better to let the rush go past.

I remained in Tyrnavos with the intention of coming away with the rear-guard. But I overdid the thing. Not until midnight did I move, and then found the town was deserted except by some Irregulars out of uniform. The rear-guard was reached at the dry bed of the Xerias, and with it I remained till two o'clock. In the middle of the retreat some Euzonoi—frontier guards who wear red caps with tassels—mistook one another for Turks and fired, killing half a dozen and frightening a few thousands. Here some men had thrown away their haversacks, cartridges, and even blankets. A carriage was upset and left. Two wagons of the country type shared this fate. About two miles from Tyrnavos three other wagons were similarly abandoned, but, upon the whole, the retreat was a success. It struck me as, take it all in all, admirably done. In such a movement there must be some confusion. There are no troops in the world that could take part in it without losing touch, and temper, and self-control to some extent. It is notoriously the most difficult of military operations, and the loss that took place was far less than that which was antecedently likely—indeed, it was hardly worth speaking of. Illustrations have been published

depicting fearful scenes during the march, or, as it has been represented, flight. I saw none of them. So much must be said in honesty about the Greek troops. But when the morning dawned most of their officers had already found their independent way into Larissa, leaving the men to a few officers and the sergeants. No wonder the men were soon all over the town. And when the prince and his staff left, with their horses and carriages, for the railway station at six o'clock—forgetting, as the present minister for war is reported to have said, to take their guns with them—two things were pretty evident. One was that there was no intention to defend Larissa; the other that there was no place to make a stand until Veleshtinos Junction was reached, covering Volo, or Pharsalos, covering the main road to Athens. Gradually Larissa was evacuated, the troops kept themselves together curiously well, some officers stood by them, and they were directed these on Veleshtinos, those on Pharsalos. I only wonder that by noon there were any formed bodies left at all. Certainly, if the Turks had pushed on they would have had a very easy prey of the main Greek force. But in modern times they never have followed up a success promptly, and perhaps, as usual, they suspected a trap where none existed.

After a day's rest I visited Veleshtinos, and found a brigade with some guns well posted along the slopes of the Kynoskephalæ Mountains, near where Flaminius beat Philip, but the safety of Volo was not the main subject for anxiety. It was, indeed, the base for supplies, but another was to be made from Lamia, so, if it could be held for a while, it would cease to be of prime importance. Pharsalos, however, was another matter. It was not only a field on which had been fought one of the decisive battles of the ancient world, but it was a position which, as looked at on the Austrian Staff Map, combined a number of advantages not to be found elsewhere. It was the capital of a great agricultural district, with abundant

forage on the ground, and teeming with flocks and herds. One good road led by the west to the south, where another fine position closed the way to the capital, and two mountain roads, each at least as good as those by which the Turks had done their frontier-flanking, led south-east to Halmyros and its roadstead, and to the position to the south just mentioned at Domokos. Still the Turks did not pursue. Easter was past, and abundant meat-rations had put the Greek ranks into better heart. They had also got rest, and they had every other night without disturbance till daylight. We heard of fighting at Veles-tinos, bravely kept up by the brigade left there. But it was evident enough on analysis of the accounts which came to the main body that the Turks had only pushed forward some reconnaissances. Meanwhile, the new supply route from Lamia had been got into good working order. So far as the main position was concerned Volo had ceased to be necessary, and there was almost an army-corps for the defence of Pharsalos itself. If only the position were not too extended for the force a stand might well be made here with some hope of success. If not here, then where? A line of low hills covered the front and concealed even from an enterprising enemy the disposition of the troops.

The heights of Pharsalos, with the old Acropolis, though not surrounded by a mediæval wall as in an illustration I have seen, but only by fragments of far more ancient, indeed, Cyclopean masonry, looked castellated, as many a Scotch or Irish whin-dyke appears to form the outline of a fortress or battery. But our horse-artillery would have made nothing of getting to the top of it. It was admirably suited for mountain guns. The pass to the west of it was easily fortified. The other roads had equal advantages in the way of defence, but nothing was done in this way. Everything was done on the low hills, nothing was done on the main position, for lack of men. Yet, when the cavalry sent in one of their few trustworthy pieces of intelligence that Trikkala, on

the west, from which the Greeks had retired to wisely concentrate their lines, had been abandoned by the Turks, the Greeks at once proceeded to reoccupy it, with the inevitable effect of weakening their centre at Pharsalos. That was just what the Turks wanted. Accordingly they struck full at the centre before noon the next day, and at sunset the Greek main body was in full retreat, without having sustained any defeat more serious than a loss of at most a hundred men, since the two forces, in a battle which looked like nothing so much as a bit of a war-game played by volunteers, never got nearer each other than from 800 to 1,200 yards, and in which the Turks won simply by "turning" to the east, by carrying out the elementary tactical principle of bringing a superiority of force to bear on a tactical point. There was no serious fighting whatsoever, and even the artillery, handled again better in aim on the side of the Greeks, but tactically better on that of the Turks, preferred 5,000 or 4,000 yards to any nearer distance for their efforts.

The retreat was in full operation when the fighting ceased at sunset. It was conducted almost ostentatiously through the one pass to the west of the town, and it was done in fairly good order, even better than that from Tyrnavos. On reaching Domokos, a fine position covering the last stand that could be made short of the old frontier at Furka, above Lamia, it was evident that preparations had been made some days before to hold it. Long guns were in batteries commanding the three apparent roads through the pass, which is some 1,200 feet above the plain in front of it. The slopes, the roads, the crests of the adjacent hills afforded splendid positions for defence by infantry and mountain guns; but, even without the aid of maps—and I saw no big maps save in the hands of correspondents—an eye used to a mountain country had no difficulty in detecting signs of by-tracks which showed how the position could be turned. The Greek staff declared, of course, that here would they stand forever, and a day longer; and

they made their dispositions very prettily, as though they had been following some plan drawn at leisure by an engineer for an academical exercise, without reference to the number of forces engaged on either side. Beyond showing a few cavalry in the plain to the north, the Turks took their time once more, and the Greeks sent down their comparatively few wounded to their rear. Meanwhile, the day after the *kriegspiel* fight at Pharsalos, the Turks had forced Veleshtinos Junction, and there was nothing to prevent the invaders from pushing on to the rear of the Domokos position by three or four roads to both the west and the east. The best road, debouching at Xenias Lake, and running from the west of the Pharsalos plain by the valley of the Sophaditikos or Onatonos, presented no difficulties at all except its length, and the Greeks had nothing like the force requisite to even pretend to hold it. As soon as the defeated force from Veleshtinos had been pushed beyond the low-lying ground by Halmyros, there was nothing to prevent a Turkish advance in force on Lamia within the old boundary, except a position, in itself turnable in every direction, over the Othrys range, no part of which, though dreary enough, is impracticable for resolute infantry. So, as need scarcely be said, the great position of Domokos, like the great position at Pharsalos, was abandoned, though not without a fight which the Turks needlessly forced on in their centre. Thessaly, as handed over to the Greeks in 1881, had been won back by the Turks under German direction in less than four weeks, and the Greek dream of aggrandizement was shattered.

Nothing has been said of the composition of the Turkish force which accomplished this, for the simple reason that I have no information for a moment to be trusted further than what my eyes supplied. But taking the Ottomans as I saw them, and filling up the intervening spaces as the ordinary usages of war would suggest, there must have been quite 70,000 men engaged in the invasion, and probably

10,000 more. Though they showed a notable lack of energy, and though their artillery fire was *pour rire*, yet the fact remains that they rolled up their adversaries in a singularly short time, considering the physical difficulties of the country and the fact that they had to draw the bulk of their supplies over difficult passes behind them.

It is not for me to moralize on the result. But this fact appears to be established by the campaign, that no enthusiasm, no public spirit as displayed on the platform, in Parliament, or in the press, can make up for the absence of proper training and for lack of proper numbers in a military undertaking. And the success of Prince Alexander of Battenberg in the Slivnitsa-Pirot campaign has no doubt been misleading in its effects upon some ambitious minds. First, the Turks are not Servians, and in the next place, Alexander had studied war intimately and on a great scale, besides being a man of most exceptional ability. At the same time nothing can be more unjust and ungenerous than the outcry in Greece against the crown prince and his staff. The real blame for the defeat of the Greeks is to be found in the rottenness of their political institutions and the influence of politics upon the army, both by giving commissions in the army and the reserve to men who have no training and are disinclined to get it, and by, for causes of temporary popularity, refusing the supplies necessary for a proper training of the men who are nominally on the roll. If the Greek army is to rise from its present Slough of Despond it must be commanded in the interests of the State by or through a king possessed of some real power, which King George has been carefully deprived of in the interests of an unchecked single Chamber; it must learn what fire-discipline means, of which it has not the slightest notion at present; it must realize that arms are more than ever nowadays a serious profession, demanding all the powers of the human mind in constant exercise over problems big and small—though in very truth there is nothing so small as to be

indispensable—and that there are certain axioms laid down clearly enough in an admirable little book by Lieutenant Μπασπα, a Greek officer trained in France, which are not to be violated with impunity even if a just cause animates the army and fires the nation behind it.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Postscript.—So far I had written when details of the fighting at Domokos reached me. The Turkish plan of attack was exactly as I had anticipated, and, if it was not successful from the right, that was because the Greeks had there placed the Italian or Garibaldian Volunteers of the Foreign Legion, who were only going up as I was obliged by ill-health to come away. The only real fighting at Pharsalos was made on behalf of the Greeks by a couple of scratch companies of the British, French, and Italians who had up to that time arrived, and were by that time pretty well disgusted with what they had seen. So the duty of rolling back the Ottoman right fell to the red-shirted battalions. That the Greeks fought so well as they did shows at once they have improved and how much they needed improving. They were just beginning to know what they should have known at first. It was a mistake on the part of the Turks to attack Domokos Pass in any force in front. Their turning movements were quite sufficient to compel the evacuation of the position; and their blunder enabled the Greek army to save its honor by a sort of a stand at last.

C. W.

From The Sunday Magazine.
HORATIUS BONAR.

In accordance with my father's express desire, no memoir of him has been written. Those who knew him well can only conjecture the reasons for this wish. As regarded personal feelings and experiences, no man was ever more reticent, and he may have

dreaded any attempt to expose them. The only excuse I can offer for lifting even the smallest corner of the veil is that he in so far lifted it himself.

For every man requires to express himself in some way, and he more than most. Thoughts, emotions, sorrows, hopes, joys too deep for common utterance, yet too strong and soul-shaking to be safely repressed, sought an outlet. They found it in the pulpit he loved. They found it at the family altar, when, forgetting himself and his listeners, he poured himself out in prayer. They found it, most of all, in his poetry. One cannot help being thankful that it was so, and feeling that it was not only by an inward necessity, but by a blessed law of compensation, that this reserved and acutely sensitive man, who could not work off the ebullitions of his strong nature in any of the usual ways, found a refuge in his pen.

"Lie there, my pen!" he wrote, when nearing the shore:—

Thou art the lute with which I sang my
sadness,
When sadness like a cloud begirt my way;
Thou art the harp whose strings gave out
my gladness,
When burst the sunshine of a happier day,
Resting upon my soul with sweet and
silent ray.¹

And yet he did not, so far as is known, discover this power very early in life, nor did he begin to write either as a means of self-expression, or with any dream of winning poetic fame. His first hymns were written for his Sabbath School children, in the days when, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Lewis of South Leith, he walked daily from his mother's house, down Leith Walk, engrossed in his work, and revolving plans for increasing its efficiency. Almost every child in his large Sabbath School was known to him by name, face, and circumstances. Searching for simple hymns to fasten the truth upon these young minds in direct and easily remembered lan-

¹ My Old Letters. Prelude.

guage, and finding few—for the children's paradise of literature was not yet—he sat down to write them.

He himself did not know which was the first of these hymns, but certainly, "I lay my sins on Jesus," "Holy Father, hear my cry," and his morning hymn for a child going to school belonged to the period which closed with his call to Kelso in 1837. It was in the quiet of Kelso that the largest number and perhaps the best and sweetest of Doctor Bonar's hymns were written. In many of them—for instance, "I was a wand'ring sheep," "All that I was, my sin, my guilt," "Not what these hands have done"—he simply reached the usefulness at which he aimed; but in others he rose into true poetry; witness what is perhaps his simplest, yet most perfect effort, "I heard the voice of Jesus say," or, his Christian worker's hymn, "Go, labor on, spend and be spent," or his communion hymn, "Here, oh my Lord," or yet again that which was his own favorite of all he had written,—

When the weary, seeking rest
To Thy goodness flee.¹

From 1873 and onwards—having in the mean time settled in his final sphere in Edinburgh—he wrote a good many hymns in connection with the new effort made by Mr. Sankey and others to "sing the gospel;" and these are included in the hymn-books used at evangelistic meetings. The desire of his heart, from beginning to end, was the realization of the petition of his own hymn:—

Make use of me, my God!

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak and little hills,
My God! oh use me too.

And with all humility, with all truth, he could write before laying down his pen,—

I thank Thee, Lord, for using me,

¹ Written somewhere between 1860-66, and for the tune to which it is sung, "Intercession."

But let me turn from this aspect of Doctor Bonar's poetry, to speak of it as an expression of himself. So much of this is there in some places that one might almost weave a biographical sketch from it.

I miss the dear paternal dwelling,
Which memory still undimmed recalls,
A thousand early stories telling,
I miss the venerable walls.

And again,—

I thank Thee for a holy ancestry;²
I bless Thee for a goodly parentage;
For seeds of truth and light and purity,
Sown in this heart from childhood's earliest age.

I thank Thee for a true and noble creed,
For wisdom, poetry, and gentle song;

I thank the love that kept my life from sin,
Even when my heart was far from God
and truth.

That gave me, for a lifetime's heritage,
The purities of unpolluted youth.

Words like these call up visions of the large, merry, united family of boys and girls that filled the roomy house which still stands, in Paterson's Court, Old Broughton. Poor as the neighborhood is now, a bit of the old garden is left with an old pear-tree in it. But then, the house stood nearly alone in its garden, on the northern limit of Edinburgh, and from it green fields and hedges sloped away to the sea.

The father of Horatius Bonar (James Bonar, solicitor) used to take his summer walk and bathe before breakfast, from six to eight in the morning, having, we are told, first secured time for quiet reading and prayer by rising at four. In these walks his boys were his constant companions, until his sudden death, when my father was eleven years old. His mother long survived. To her during his residence at Kelso, he wrote, every Friday night, a letter containing some original meditation, to

² From a hymn beginning "I look along the past," vol. iii. "Hymns of Faith and Hope."

cheer and comfort her; and of her he sang:—

As yon clear star
Of the deep sky, and star that never sets,
Midnight's lone darling, so was she to me.¹

"Tis thus we press the hand and part," was his farewell to his first flock at Leith; and it was not the last called forth by the sorrow of parting or of death.

Looking back, I think that parting was a much more acute sorrow to him than to most; even a temporary separation from one of his family he could hardly bear. He may have had few very intimate friends, but to them he clung in life or in memory with every fibre of his being. To the very last this was so. His last bereavement happened when he himself was on the bed from which he never rose. To an involuntary expression of wonder at the sharp suffering it seemed to cost him, the time being so short, he answered: "Oh, you little know, you little know, a friendship of eighty years broken."

His very strong belief in resurrection and in the coming glory of earth, and the body, led him to regard death as in a peculiar way the fruit of the curse, the enemy of God and man, a thing that ought not to have happened but for sin. The death of a little child was to him an unnatural and awful event which it needed all his strong faith and hope to bear him up under. Often have we seen him, like David, pleading passionately for life while the child was yet alive, hardly when the child was dead, to gain David's calm, but rather to have his sorrow transmuted into the still more passionate looking for reunion. He was thus stricken five times over, and those he lost were not all infants.

The flowers of spring have come and gone:
Bright were their blossoms, brief their stay;
They shone and they were shone upon,
They flourished, faded, passed away,

¹ My Old Letters, Book x.

So hidden from our sorrowing eyes,
Our young, sweet spring-bloom buried lies;
One blast of earth swept o'er the flower,
It died, the blossom of an hour.

This seems the first of these songs of sorrow. Then follow, "Lucy," "He died to live, for Jesus died," "The farewell is complete," "O, early saved!"

And to some early friend:—

Thou art in heaven, and I am still on earth;

'Tis years, long years since we were parted here;

I still a wanderer, amid grief and fear,
And thou the tenant of a brighter sphere.

Yet still thou seemest near;

But yesterday it seems

Since the last clasp was given,

Since our lips met

And our eyes looked into each other's depths.

In this way—as he himself would have said, quoting from another—was "the heart of the minister formed within him;" for, he always said, a minister needs to suffer and learn for his people as well as for himself.

Thus he became the author of the "Night of weeping," and the "Morning of joy." Thus he learned to sympathize and comfort, and thus, above all, did the vivid hope of the future grow stronger and stronger within him.

There is a note of "other-worldliness" in all his poetry. He was all his life, in a very peculiar way, home-sick for heaven, "The land of which I dream," as he has called it.

Where the faded flower shall freshen,

Freshen never more to fade;

Where the shaded sky shall brighten,

Brighten never more to shade:

Where no bond is ever sundered;

Partings, claspings, sob and moan,

Midnight waking, twilight weeping,

Heavy noontide—all are done.

Where the child has found its mother,

Where the mother finds the child;

Where dear families are gathered

That were scattered on the wild;

Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

His views on unfulfilled prophecy were no theories. "The blessed hope" of the perhaps immediate return of the Lord, to receive the kingdom of the renewed holy earth, was the hope and stay, the pivot and motive power of his life. His own attitude continually was as of one who waited for his Lord. In very many practical ways he refused to let this world gain power over him, or to seek such things as success, or fame, or money. He took these things when they came to him, and made use of them, or freely gave away—that was all. When remonstrated with for not retaining the copyright of his numerous works, he replied: "I will not entangle myself; a minister should be free from worldly care." This was all the more singular, as he had a capital business head, and when advising others used to say: "By training I am almost a banker." But for himself he refused not only to accumulate but even to let matters dwell long in his thoughts.

Many hymns on the subject of the Second Advent, or the last days, or the new earth, will occur at once to my readers—too many to attempt to cite—and few of his poems on any subject close without at least one swift upward glance. Many, too, might be entitled, as are some psalms, "Maschil" "For Instruction;" for instance, "Begin the day with God," "Great truths are dearly bought," "Thou must be true thyself, if thou the truth wouldst teach." I have heard him speak with something like impatience of some popular hymns which, he said, merely expressed emotion, and fastened no truth on the mind. He, certainly, has seldom been guilty of this.

His convictions were intensely fixed and assured; perfect intellectual clearness appeared to him a thing earnestly to be desired, and he was so constituted as to believe it attainable. One almost starts, in this day of doubts, to hear him utter,

I ask a perfect creed.

It is difficult to give any account of the genesis of the large bulk of the hymns, as the author seldom noted it.

It is still more difficult for me to give any appreciation of my father's poetry. I stand too near my subject. But, I think I may say, he might have stood higher as a poet had he written less. He never wrote in slovenly or unrhythmical English, but he was almost too ready to answer all appeals. A hymn to comfort a mourner, to please a child, to suit a particular case, to be sung to a given tune or on some special occasion, was constantly wanted. Some of these efforts urged on him from without were eminently successful, some less so, and to this I attribute somewhat of the monotony of the third volume of his poems. Then, one feels, he did not always write with the public in view. As years went on he got into the habit of thinking in verse, of transcribing, translating, or imitating anything that struck him. It has helped others, even when the pieces thus written contain nothing original or striking.

I should like to mention a few characteristics to which I think Doctor Bonar's works owe their charm; but these are characteristics, not so much of the author as of the man. When all is said, I believe the power that has often been found in my father's simplest, and least polished utterances, as well as in his most musical, lies in this—that they are utterly *true*—true, I mean, to his own heart and life. "Doctor Bonar is terribly in earnest," said one who worked with him. And he was so. One feels throughout that no phrase is set down merely for effect, no thought or feeling expressed that he had not lived through.

I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood.
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

Those who knew him best recognize the constant attitude of his soul in these words, simple as they are.

Or, take his consecration hymn, "The cry from the depths:"—

Here in Thy royal Presence, Lord, I
stand,

I give myself, my all, to Thee;

Thou hast redeemed me by Thy precious
blood,

Thine only will I be.

No love but Thine, but Thine, will I re-
ceive,

No light but Thine, but Thine will I re-
ceive,

No light, no love, but Thine.

Those who knew him best do not read mere words in such an outpouring. They seem to hear the voice of a father or a pastor on his knees, to hear a slow step pacing the study floor from end to end, and a cry, broken and indistinct, but rising at times to audible words, and some one petition, repeated at intervals over and over again, and this literally for hours. It was thus that Horatius Bonar gained power for the pulpit and the press. And it was thus that, pausing awestruck beside that locked door, some of us gained our first conception of what the deep, true communion of a soul with its God might be.

In his poetry, his whole nature seems to lay itself bare, with its emotions, its conflicts, its beliefs, its hopes and longings, its tranquil musings and its tears, with its all but despairing outlook upon the world that now is, and its jubilant stretching out to the world that shall be; with its very faults, and limitations, and misunderstandings, all is here. It is himself. The poet is the man.

Another characteristic is his intense love of the beautiful and of nature in her wilder forms. The sea was to him a friend. The purple moors communed with him, and ever through the beauty of creation flashed the vision of the new creation. All, to him, was as a lattice through which the eternal shone.

My father had an ear delicately sensitive to the music of words. I say advisedly of *words*. For, strange as it may appear, Horatius Bonar was not, in the usual sense, musical, or, if so, the faculty had never been cultivated. He could only distinguish very fa-

milliar airs, and those of marked measure. Instrumental music was a sealed book to him. But the rhythm, the roll, the swing of words enchaind him.

He was nourished on antiquity and the classics, and loved patristic and mediæval poetry. Old phrases, aphorisms, "jewels five words long," were ever ringing in his ears. Some sentence of Augustine would set him musing, some verse of Chrysostom or Nazianzen appeal to him for translation or imitation, or suggest a felicitous heading. Verse was his recreation; and when alone and at leisure, his mind fell back from practical toil into its native attitude. Snatches of verse occurred to him spontaneously, like preludes to a harmony. These he jotted down in pencil wherever he happened to be, leaving their place in the finished hymn to be determined later, and filling up the outline as it occurred to him. Some of these rough drafts or sketches he kept by him a long time.

Doctor Bonar was what would be now called a thinker of the old school. And yet, in his own day, he was rather a representative of what was new. He was no blind acceptor of antiquity. In student days, just when most men are tempted to overlay truth with the mass of other men's views, he, along with a little circle of brothers and friends, set himself earnestly to see truth with his own eyes. To find out, not what ancient and venerable men had thought (though he did not despise that), but what God had spoken, was his aim. Greek or Hebrew original in hand, word by word, he would endeavor thoughtfully, prayerfully to ascertain what the Spirit of God in Scripture really meant, and to carry that out in his life. The result was, that in some salient points, the creed which he formed for himself differed from that commonly accepted at that time.

Doctor Bonar always remained a Calvinist—but a Calvinist plus belief in the full, free, unlimited love of God to every soul, and the free offer of Christ to all. Christ's work the ground of our hope; God's full forgiveness reached down, to be accepted in a moment by

"whosoever will,"—this was the gospel which he preached from early youth to age, and which brought him into full sympathy with several revivals.

To Christians of to-day there seems nothing strange in this form of thought; we cannot realize how rare it was in the days when Doctor Bonar began his ministry, nor how nearly it grazed the borders of that dreaded thing "heresy." His views of prophecy were still more held in suspicion. The obloquy of being a Pre-millennarian, perhaps an "Irvingite," was real in those days, and involved coldness and alienation on the part of many whom he respected.

My father's method of interpretation antedated much that is good in the modern school. How often have I heard him say that "Zion just means Zion, and Jerusalem, Jerusalem;" and that "before you give a spiritual meaning to any prophecy, you must first find out what it meant to the people to whom it was first addressed." He would have nothing to do with the mystical or allegorical method all but universal in those days. He was a literalist. A new earth meant to him, a new earth; the deliverance of creation, just its deliverance—not the establishment of some spirit-order in its place. This literalism led him to find, and to expect to find more and more, a mine of pure gold in every word of scripture. He was never afraid to study prophetic and difficult passages; for why else, he would say, were they written, if not for our study?

He was thought stern by many; but though he held the severer forms of truth and never hesitated to speak out what he believed, he was gentle to all he met, however weak or erring they might be. For ourselves, I can only say, that when God was called "Our Father," we children found it easy to understand and trust in His love. We knew what "as a father pitieth his children" meant, for did we not see it every day? And not only his own children, but all children confided in him. As it was at Leith in youth, so it was in his declining years. A little hand

would be slipped into his, and a little voice claim the privilege of walking with the minister along the Grange Road. A whole family who had left his ministry for some ecclesiastical reason, were led back by their children after a year. During the whole time the little ones had never forgotten to pray for "our dear minister, Doctor Bonar," till the parents could resist the unconscious pleading no longer.

MARY BONAR DODDS.

From Chambers's Journal.
MRS. WHIN'S CADDIE.

I.

Dow was a heartless wretch. To put it mildly, there was generally a twinkle in his eye, and his tongue was not tied to the ways of truth. Those he liked spoke of him with respect, but the awe of people he did not favor was mixed with fear, and they called him a young villian softly among themselves.

There was a legend that Dow had been born on the links; it was quite certain that he had been bred upon them—escaping wonderfully from school, and becoming a great authority on golf long before he was taller than a club. He was a tyrant among the caddies, and his fame was as wide as the sea that licked round the sands below.

"I'll put you in charge of Dow. He'll—er—take you round the course," said the general's introducer, on that lonely hero's first coming upon the green. "That is, if we can get hold of him—there's always a run on Dow."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, a caddie."

"I see," said the general, twisting his big moustache; "a small chap to carry the clubs—and pick out the right one—hey?"

The general's introducer was one of the many who respected Dow. He wagged his forefinger coaxingly, and a little shape rose slowly out of the whins—Dow was inured to prickles—approaching the two with a solemn stalk.

"Can you—will you take my friend

round this morning?" said the general's introducer humbly. Dow considered.

"I can gie him a round," he said; "but he manna be ower slow. I hae twa leddies and the juke forbye."

The general's friend lent him his second-best driver and an iron putter, and hurried away to play a match of his own. The general had never played golf before. He did some queer things, and Dow admonished him with all proper scorn.

"I guessed that ye couldna play when I saw him gle ye that auld thing," he said, glancing at the weapon that was being wrongly swung. "Where d' you come frae?"

"India," said the general shortly.

"Ye're a sodger?" Dow inquired, with a lordly condescension, as he put the ball on the tee, and drew out of reach of the general's wild brandishing of his club.

"Ho! ye wadna kill mony niggers if ye couldna hit straighter nor that!" said Dow.

The general was not humble. He wound up that round by pitching his driver upon the green, and taking his small instructor suddenly by the scruff. Then he shook him like a kitten in the middle of the links.

"I'll no forget you," said Dow, staring in astonishment after this bold stranger. "I'll no forget!"

Dow had his favorites. The duke was one of these; but he was not earnest enough, and had a frivolous way of bringing out an umbrella, which Dow, the contemptuous, was obliged to carry. The minister was another; he—while playing fairly—talked theology in a general way with Dow, who thirsted for information about the devil. The first favorite of all was a Mrs. Whin.

She was a little widow who lived in a big house she had taken lately, and who put all her mind for the present into the business of learning golf. She was related distantly to the duke, and so people made much of her; some liked, some hated her, but every one was polite.

Dow was her right hand and counsellor; she never played without his

little, pale, saucy face at her elbow, and when he had bidden her get a scarlet coat, she had done so meekly.

"It doesna look purposelike for you to be creepin' about the links in black if you were five times a weedow," he had pronounced, and she had laughed, and ordered the coat when she went in to Aberdeen.

Dow was greatly vexed when Mrs. Whin and the general got acquainted.

The general was close and shy. He put up at the "Gordon Arms," and seemed to have no plausible reason for appearing in this particular spot. His one friend—a man Mrs. Whin knew slightly—had got him into the club, and introduced him to one or two old fogies—had also presented him casually to Mrs. Whin. But this friend had gone south, and could not be applied to for information—and the general remained, pottering about the town and links like a fish out of water.

There were two or three old soldiers thereabouts, but they had all gout and long troops of daughters. The general was an exception, tall, spare and fiery, with sad eyes that interested Mrs. Whin.

"The man is a mystery!" said one lady to another. Their husbands could not help them in this thing for once.

A company of women were sitting in the varnished veranda of the ladies' club, and one or two more were leaning over the palings talking. It was tea-time, but the good people whose turn it was to boil the kettle had made a terrible smoke inside, and the rest had all crowded out.

Within a stone's-throw was the men's stern granite club-house; behind, the green golf-links rose and dipped to the sea; and in front, a far speck, was Mrs. Whin's red jacket, near which hovered the long shape of the general. Dow, a sulky, slow-moving object, was hugging a stack of clubs.

Mrs. Whin was making coquettish motions, raising her driver, and dropping it in the swing, and asking about her stroke. The general—that bad player—was counselling earnestly.

After a little they parted, and Mrs. Whin came tripping up to tea.

"What is he here for?" said one of those sitting outside the club, as she turned her head to glance in at the others struggling with smoke inside. They were not all conscious that Mrs. Whin, who had entered, was by an open window.

"Nobody knows—and he is continually prowling——"

"I wouldn't say that of a soldier, May?"

"Well, scouting—spy——"

"No, no!"

"At any rate, marching round people's back premises. Call it what you like! The Blackies of Hendarroch distinctly saw him wandering sadly outside the servants' gate. You know they have made a fine new avenue for themselves. When they approached he fled."

"Where you speaking about Hendarroch? Oh, the Blackies have spoiled the place!" said a stout old lady with seven daughters, who sat on a creaking seat.

"No, Mrs. Milne; we were talking of the general."

"It is odd," said the stout lady slowly. "I have been puzzling where and when I have met him, for his face is quite familiar."

There was a chorus of exclamations. Mrs. Milne's memory was notoriously bad, however, so there was no hope. The general, a distinguished, if bashful figure, took on more mystery; heads were drawn closer, and theories expounded, until the heads started apart in confusion. Mrs. Whin was leaning out of the window, calling in an impatient voice:—

"Will you come in to tea?"

This mystery may have made the general more interesting to Mrs. Whin as to the world at large. However that might be, she took him under her wing, which meant the duke's also, when that lazy person was anywhere about, and upon that the whole world was civil.

One dull afternoon, when there were few players and the wind was cold, Mrs. Whin's partner took alarm.

"We must finish," said Mrs. Whin.

"But you are cold," the general said anxiously, coming forward to help in turning up the high coat collar that nearly reached to her ears. His hands touched the small chill fingers that Mrs. Whin put up; and the collar was very stiff.

The general did not button up his long military coat, neither did he take up his driver; something seemed to be on his mind.

"I am going south," he said at last.

"With the swallows?" said Mrs. Whin.

"I think they are gone already," the general answered, gazing abstractedly out to sea.

The wind had blown into the widow's cheek a scarlet to match her coat. She put her head on one side thoughtfully, making believe to look at the hole, and then seemed frightened to find that she had not spoken.

"I have sometimes wondered what brought you all the way up here," she said hastily. "It is not as if you had come up to see old friends, or—anything."

"N—no," said the general awkwardly. "No, I—drifted. I will tell you about it some day, when I have courage."

"You forget," said she, "that you are going south."

There was a queer shake in her voice. It might be cold, but it was not laughter. The general took a stride nearer to her and spoke.

"I am running away," he said. "I thought I was hardened to being lonely, with not a soul to care for me but the chums who would say, 'Poor chap!' when they read of my death in the English papers. I did not know that I was a fool. Will you say good-bye to me kindly, and let me go?"

"Don't go," said Mrs. Whin. He had taken her hand, and involuntarily her fingers closed over his. There was a little silence while they looked at each other, and Mrs. Whin's color rose.

"I am weather-worn," said the general.

"So am I," said Mrs. Whin.

Then Dow rose up in alarm, and traitorously signalled to one or two men who were seeking the general high and low, and who promptly came up and interrupted.

"Hi, general, what about our match?"

"Come along. Milne is neither to hold nor bind; come and play that foursome."

Mrs. Whin and the general started, dropped each other's hands, and the general bent his brows.

"I am playing with a lady," he said.

"The last hole, sir?" Dow put in, running forward to pluck out the flag.

Unwillingly the general sent his ball into it, and the game was over. He paused for an instant looking at Mrs. Whin, and she gave him one glance that was not for the spectators.

"I am going home," she said.

"May I come up and see you later?" he asked. This unhappy foursome, a great and solemn thing, posted up in the club's arrangements, must override everything, since the others had come to fetch him.

"Come!" Mrs. Whin said, smiling; and they went their ways.

She stood looking after the men, still smiling tremulously, and then tripped over the hillocks in a hurry. At the pavilion gate she turned round and beamed on Dow, who was stalking behind her glum and silent.

"Run across to the 'Gordon Arms' and tell Andrew to bring my cart," she said, taking the clubs from him, and running in to shut them up in her locker. Dow stopped at the gate and whistled.

"Here you, Sandy," he said with a lordly air, "rin round to the 'Gordon Arms' for Mrs. Whin's dogcart. You'll get a ride back in the cart."

One of his understudies rushed off obediently, and Dow himself marched up the steps and arrived at the threshold of the pavilion. Mrs. Whin was struggling with the keys at her wrist. She was all in a happy flutter.

There was to be a tea-party that afternoon, and there were signs of it in the smoky stove and the baskets against the wall. Mrs. Whin was one of the committee; but she would not wait.

She must go home. She was eager to get away to sit in her house and think; and afterwards she would lean to the window beyond her chair, and watch for the general coming along the road. She shook her wrist with a laugh, and the keys jingled and were confused; there was no fitting the right one into the lock.

"Could I speak to you, mem?" said Dow. There was something portentous in his air and in the way he spoke, with a painstaking English voice. When he was not upon his dignity he spoke like the other lads, and when he was piloting southern strangers about the green he was apt to exaggerate the vernacular, by way of putting them in mind of the fact that they were out of their own country, and in a despot's hands. This kept them humble. But when he had solemn things to say he put on a mincing English, and this afternoon his speech was pitched in the key appropriate to an awful revelation.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Whin.

"An impostor, mem," said Dow, looking up to her with a groan. "I have been holding my peace this while, thinking if he pleased to set himself up with the lords and ladies it was not my business to interfere. But I threshed it out with myself this morning, and I think it's my time to speak."

"Well!" said Mrs. Whin, amazed.

"Don't take it uncivil, mem," said Dow, speaking slowly, to pick out his formal English; "but I was feared this deceiving person was making up to you. And I said to myself, 'Tis an awful thing, she so pleasant, and such a lady, and the duke ready to flop on his knees to her at a wink—that such a deceiving wretch should make her the laugh of the countryside—'"

"Dow?" cried Mrs. Whin.

"And I said to myself, 'He shan't!'"

Mrs. Whin was both mystified and angry. Dow was no ordinary caddie, and he was privileged, as a henchman ought to be—but still—

"Listen yet a wee," Dow said earnestly, "and then if you're not obliged—well, I'm telling you for your good. It is this general who comes pottering

round and cannot drive a ball straight, and goes for walks like a bat when the sun is down. Oh, mem, you don't know what brings him to these parts?"

"I shall hear from himself," Mrs. Whin said quickly. She could only get in these words edgewise while Dow was pausing for effect. He went on contemptuously:—

"From himself? Not you! Excuse me, mem; but I know the circumstances."

"Dow," said Mrs. Whin severely, "I cannot have you speaking like this about my friends. You ought to be very much ashamed."

But Dow the accuser was not abashed.

"What would your friends say, mem—and what would the duke say—if they knew you were getting familiar with the son of a butcher-body?"

Mrs. Whin gave a gasp, and then laughed outright.

"You are out of your mind!" said she.

Dow shook his head in a melancholy fashion, and fixed her look with a pair of solemn eyes.

"'Tis Thomson the fletcher in old King Street," he said convincingly. "The old folks died, and Anderson's bought the shop, but they aye keep the name to hold customers together. I mind it well—that is" (hastily) "I heard it so often that it was as good as seeing it a' myself. Young Archie would not bide and mind the shop. He wanted to shoot people, he said, it was better than sticking sheep—and he ran away for a soldier. And old Ann Thomson would cry, 'He'll come back yet; he'll come hame when he's weary o' the wars.' But he didna come, and the cornels and folks got shot, and somebody took a fancy to him and shoved him up, and there was no more hoping for him to come home and drive the cart and tie on his apron. Sae the old folks died, and maybe he has come home at last to see if he can light on Ann Thomson's stocking—for she kept aye putting by for Archie, and they couldna find where she put it. Anderson has a look whiles in odd corners, and up the lum; but he hasna got it—and he is come creepin'

about the old place, pretending to be as fine as the like of you."

It was circumstantial indeed. If it should be true?

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Whin. "Do ye think I would vex you with a lee?" said Dow, dropping from his state language with relief. "Oh, mem, it isna spite, and it isna jokin'. I made sure it was truth before I wad trouble you with the story. He keeps himself to himself, and he darena speak; but there's some in the place knows him for Archie Thomson the fletcher's son, who ran awa' to the wars."

Mrs. Whin's bright eyes grew dull with a sudden shock. All at once she remembered—yes—driving past that old shop in King Street—stopping to order something that had been forgotten, and seeing the general inside. She had wondered then what a man staying in a hotel could be doing there, and to her look of surprise he, reddening, had answered, "Buying collops."

Mrs. Whin was not very bold. She had great ideas about family, and she would run faster from ridicule than from a cow. So she gave a gasp.

"I'm awful vext," said Dow sympathetically, looking up at her with big round eyes; "but I thought it was a pity you an' the duke should be lowerin' yoursels, no' kennin'—"

"He is a brave man and a general," murmured Mrs. Whin, in an uncertain voice.

"Ay, he's brave and a general—maybe. They tell me he was aye fightin' with the baker's lad. An' many a time the loaves would lie in the mud, an' the legs o' mutton would need a scrubbin'. The baker's lad aye cam' by the worst," said Dow.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Whin.

She clenched her hands with a feeling of intense humiliation that brought the tears smarting into her eyes. Her general, her interesting, distinguished general—a butcher's son! How the county would laugh at her if they knew! Oh, it all fitted in so well with the little things she had noticed and paid no attention to at the time. And to think that she had nearly—

"There was a lass at Hendarroch aince, a servant-lass," said Dow, "and he used to court her at the back gate when he came wi' the meat. But she wadna wait sae lang. He maun hae been sair putten about to find his auld sweetheart a grannie!"

"That will do," said Mrs. Whin. Her horse was backing against the pavilion fence, and the groom was clucking to keep it still.

Dow moved out of her way, and in another minute she sat up in the driving-seat, took the reins from the groom and started. The high red wheels flashed across the links and vanished; and Dow turned to one of the lesser caddies:—

"You see to Sir Thomas this afternoon," he said in his lordly English, "I hae got other business."

Then he stalked off the ground.

The general marched through Mrs. Whin's gates cheerfully that afternoon—his head was high, and his gait contented. He rang the bell, and turned to look out over the garden and the late autumn flowers, humming something martial.

"Mrs. Whin at home?"

"Not at home."

He glanced at the servant. There was some mistake.

"I am General Thomson," he said gruffly, expecting to be instantly let in.

"I know, sir. But my orders are to say that my mistress is not at home."

There was no mistaking this. The general stared blankly at the man, ready to swallow him in the extremity of his wrath. Mrs. Whin had made it plain—so plain that he could only wonder at the ways of a woman and beat a retreat. He had better pack up at once, and take the morning train to the south.

"I will leave my card," he said, with a grim flicker in his eyes, and he wrote on it "P.P.C."

There was a shadow in the corner of the gateway that the general, striding through, did not see. As he passed, however, with chagrin written on his

countenance, the figure rose up and chuckled.

Creeping in the lee of some big bushes, Dow arrived at the lowermost windows of the house. There was one where he had seen a stirring of the window-curtains when the general came away. A big laurel bush leaned over against this window, and Dow made himself small, stretching his neck cautiously out of the laurel leaves. Mrs. Whin sat in the curtain-shadow, with her face fallen in her hands, crying bitterly in the dusk.

"Losh!" muttered the watcher blankly, as he slid out of the laurel bush, "an' she might hae the juke himsel'!"

II.

Mrs. Whin lay long awake that night wondering at herself. She had been very angry, and she had said she would never speak to the man again; but she had sat at the window to watch his discomfiture, and to see if he looked ashamed, and sitting there she had had to fight with some strange feeling that pushed her to call him back. She clenched her hands and scolded herself till he reached the gate. And then the servant brought in his card, with the "P.P.C." written big and unsteadily across it, and she knew that he was gone for good. The door shut softly, and she turned and looked wildly down the drive, and he was out of sight.

"I am a fool!" she said angrily, in a voice that shook.

She had a queer dream that night, when she stopped scolding herself, and trying to shut out the general's reproachful face—that had no right to be reproachful, and still was so.

First she and the general stood alone on the links, and there did not seem to be anybody else in the world, or upon the green. They were playing a match, they two together, against some creature of indiarubber that had a mocking laugh as it bounded up in the air, and the face of Dow, her caddie. It had all the clubs, and they had to play with

sticks. The wind blew their balls aslant, and the thing was mocking.

"We must win," said the general, and she pressed to his side, and held on to his coat, putting her cheek against it; but the thing was grinning.

Then suddenly all their acquaintances seemed to come crowding round, and there was scorn in their expression. They were pointing to her and the general, and making faces. The duke came forward in his mackintosh, and looked amazed, and all Mrs. Whin's pet aversions pushed to the front. She looked up. The general was standing up in a cart, wearing a long apron of butcher-blue, and as she looked he leaned over the wheel and cried:—

"Will you ride with me?"

They were all laughing shrilly as she started back, and the sound of it was maddening; but she could not withstand the look in the general's eyes as he said again:—

"Will you ride with me?"

"Where are you going?" the duke said, catching her arm, and the mocking chorus behind grew louder. The general stretched out his hand to grip her, and help her up—and then she awakened crying.

It was in the cold grey morning that Mrs. Whin came down to the links. The two or three enthusiasts who were there already remarked that her manner was curt and restless. She kept turning half-consciously to the railway cutting where in an hour or so the south express would be whisking past.

Dow, for once, was not on the spot. She missed him with a feeling of relief, and brought out her driver to go round the long course in the hills and hollows by the side of the sea. The sprightliness had gone out of her walk this morning; she followed up her ball with a dragging step, and listlessly played the strokes, not caring.

It was going to rain. The sky was very dull and leaden. There was a ruffle of wind across the sea, and the gulls were all ashore. Yes, it was going to rain, and the smoke would lie in the track of the south express; it would

pass in a cloud and leave clouds behind it—and so good-bye!

Lifting her eyes then, Mrs. Whin gave a little cry. She was face to face with the general.

He was having a last look round, walking slowly among the familiar places, and he did not see her until she gave that cry—then he moved, standing aside in the withered bracken to let her pass.

He did not speak, but his look was dark with reproach, and she could not bear to see it. The impulse she had had to fight with yesterday grew suddenly all too strong, and broke down her pride.

"Don't go! don't go!" she cried, "forgive me."

The general looked doubtful—shy. He did not venture to take the impetuous words for earnest until he saw that her eyes were dim with tears. Then he took her hands.

"You should have told and trusted me," said Mrs. Whin, glancing thus at the dangerous subject. She felt strangely happy in recklessness, like one who has thrown away a burden, and she was ready to dare the world.

"I—I did not like," said the general, but she interrupted the apology.

"Don't speak about it," she said with a little shudder, for there was still a stirring of her trampled pride and the prejudice of high family. So the general did not speak.

"They packed up a lunch-basket for me," Mrs. Whin said later. "I was ashamed to tell the servants I could not eat. Come and have lunch with me in the hut"—her name for the majestic pavilion—"you will get nothing good, only poor little thin sandwiches and claret!"

"My train is gone," said the general, eying a faint, white puff of smoke.

"Your train? It is not your train!" Mrs. Whin cried quickly. "Your train is put off for my convenience!" She smiled down to him, tripping up the pavilion steps, and the general followed meekly.

"Will you light the fire?" said she, glancing round for a tablecloth, "and

then I can make some tea. There are matches, and there are sticks—and, I fancy, cinders.

The general retreated behind the varnished partition that shut off the kitchen corner of the hut from the rest. He knelt down before the grate and struck match after match with the patience of an old campaigner but the wood was damp, and the chimney would not draw.

Mrs. Whin hung up her coat. It had come on to pour, and the rain was beating against the windows. They would have to stay in here till it cleared a little before they could venture out. She drew out the provisions gingerly. Was there enough for two?

There was a sudden dash in of rain and wind as the door opened and let in Dow.

The wet was trickling along his cheeks and pouring down his coat; he wiped it out of his eyes, shut the door, and spoke.

"They said you were here—you were round the links by your lane this mornin'—I hae been fightin' mysel' a' night up till this very minute, and at last I hae made my mind up, and I hae come to tell."

"To tell?" Mrs. Whin said faintly.

Dow was twisting his wet cap in his hands. Yesterday he had looked virtuous and calm, but to-day his mien was disturbed.

"I didna think you wad take on so," he said lamely. "I said to mysel': 'She's no a flighty bit lass to fret an' wish herself deid, as lasses do when they're crossed. She's a wiselike weedow woman, an' she'll be angry and send him about his business—and he'll be offended and gae doon south—an' she'll tak the juke.' It's awfu' easy to tell a lee, an' pit more to it; but it's awfu' difficult to spoil it an' tell the truth."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Whin hastily.

Dow wriggled slightly. Behind them the general was getting the fire alight; he was still stooping over it earnestly, blowing up the flue.

"He's no gane yet," said Dow. "He missed the train. I ken that, for I was at the station. I—I couldna bide to think of you, mem, greetin' sae sair."

He made an effort—feeling keenly the lack of dignity, to take up the mincing English he used upon great occasions.

"I informed you, mem, that the general was the son of a butcher-body of this town—a ne'er-do-weel who ran awa' to the wars—and you would na' see him because of it. I told you a falsehood, mem!"

"I should think so!" shouted the general, appearing suddenly. "You young imp!"

But Dow had fled, bolting into the rain.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Whin, covering her face.

"I'll tell you why I came here," said the general, sitting down beside her. "I was ashamed to tell you sooner, for it seemed so silly, and I did not want you to laugh at me. But when I was young I came here to stay with a Sandhurst chum, and—and I used to moon round a girl who lived at Hendarroch. It is a poor little story. She married a richer man. Well, I had a queer whim to come here again and see the old place—and I heard she was left a widow. It has changed—and she is changed, for she did not know me. She must have forgotten the very name of her first admirer—"

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Whin eagerly.

"Mrs. Milne of Pollaine."

"Fat Mrs. Milne?"

"Fat Mrs. Milne. She is changed."

Then he took her hands and looked seriously down in her brightened face.

"What was this crazy story of that little rascal, Dow? You believed it?"

"I believed it," said Mrs. Whin, laying her cheek on his shoulder, "but—"

"But you would have had me all the same?" said the general.

"I would," answered Mrs. Whin.

And somehow Dow was forgiven.

R. RAMSAY.

From The Contemporary Review
OUTDOOR LIFE IN HOLLAND.

The town life of Holland is so highly organized and so picturesque that visitors, travelling by short stages from one quaint and populous city to another, through mazes of artificial dykes and canals, may well doubt if there is any wild outdoor life worth seeing in the country. It is a natural inference that the elaborate perfection of "Dutch interiors" whether in real mansions, or farmhouses, or on the canvas of Dutch painters, has been reached at the expense of the natural beauties which ought to surround them, and that in bridling the sea, and barring out the great rivers from their land, and keeping down the inland waters, the people have also banished most of the uncovenanted grace of natural scenery.

This view is only true in part. There are districts of Holland which are as wild as the sand-hills of Morayshire; others, though in the artificially reclaimed area, are peopled with birds and clothed with plants and flowers all characteristic of the peculiar land in which they grow; and apart from the special interest of the Dutch farming, flower raising, and canals, there is enough genuine wild country to delight the sportsman and naturalist. Any one residing in Holland for a time soon discovers that the Dutch themselves are well aware that this is the case, and that in their own way they appreciate wild Holland as we do wild England.

The country house, and the outdoor life and social enjoyments which we associate with it, are very dear to the gentlemen of Holland, but although the sentiment which orders the establishment is the same, the house and its management are thoroughly Dutch—not English. We seem for centuries to have had something of the gifts of Orpheus, and called the best trees and the rocks and the running streams up to our doors, while the deer, birds, and fish have followed them. Part of this success is due to the instinct for choosing the right sites for country houses, part to the endeavor, rarely absent, ex-

cept in the case of some of the great palaces built in the eighteenth century, to adapt the house to its site and surroundings. Hence the delight and novelty of visiting the good houses even in a single county, or a single neighborhood. No two are alike, and each has something fresh to offer in garden, park, stream or woods. In regard to its country houses Holland differs both from England and from France. It is full of fine demesnes, not large in area, but maintained, and managed, as an English proprietor would wish his house to be, entirely with a view to the enjoyment of outdoor life. The country houses are not left in shabby splendor for ten months in the year, while the owner enjoys himself in the capital, as is too often the case where an old family has a *maison de campagne* in France. Many Dutch proprietors own both a fine town house in the Hague, where their arms and escutcheon may be seen carved on the pediment, and a large country house only a few miles off. But since the court has almost ceased to exist as a social institution, the town house is shut up, and the owner prefers to live on his country property. There, however, he does not often own the broad acres of the English squire. These have usually been divided among his brothers and sisters, if he has any, by the action of the law compelling equal division of property among children. On the other hand what under the new English law of settled estates is called the "mansion house" and demesne remains his property. Most of these houses were built before the Code Napoléon was established in Holland, and were intended for the expenditure of good incomes, and designed with a considerable dignity and sumptuousness. By saving, and often by lucky investments in the Dutch East Indies, the owners of most of these houses are still rich, and can live the life they please without pinching, like many English country gentlemen. We are dealing with the social and not the economic side of outdoor life, but so much must be said to explain the conditions under which the

Dutch country house is able to be enjoyed. It is also possible to be somewhat precise in describing the character of these demesnes, because, unlike the English squires, the founders of these houses had no variety of site to select from. They built either close to the sand hills or inland. In either case the site was a dead flat, and the charm of outdoor surroundings had to be created, mainly by planting woods, cutting lakes and canals, encouraging the growth of wild flowers, breeding poultry, creating gardens, and preserving wild-fowl, pheasants, and hares, which swarm in the "polder" meadows. On none of these objects, except perhaps the fowls, does Dutch taste spend the money and time necessary to give that finish and completeness which we understand to be meant when we speak of a house being "well kept up." It is not that the owner cannot afford it, but that he does not think it necessary.

There is an English belief that "Dutch gardening" is something very quaint, formal, and precise. The belief must date from an earlier period of Dutch history. Even those two great adjuncts of garden neatness, the roller and lawn mower, are almost unknown in Holland. The gardeners live under the belief that the way to make a lawn is to cut it as seldom as possible, and never to walk on it. As the subsoil is usually loose peaty sand, the grass is always thin, and the edges ragged. A few tulip-beds and begonias and plenty of flowering shrubs make up the flower-garden, but the contrast of the ponds, canals, and tall woods, with the good brick mansion, makes up for the want of color. The house itself is nearly always built of small, very hard, red-brown bricks, like those used in the Elizabethan houses of England. The windows are tall, and the frames set in flush with the wall—another mark of good sense in building—and the roof is high and steep. Often the front has a handsome pediment, or a stone loggia and flight of steps. In this case there is generally a corresponding formality in the lines of canal or cuttings through the surrounding woods. But in most of

these properties the canals wind almost without design among the clearings—they can scarcely be called lawns—and the thick wild coppices abut on both without bank or fence. These woods are the principal charms of the demesne. They surround every house of consequence, and differ from our English woods both in the growth of trees and underwood, and in the lesser vegetation of weeds and flowers. The greater part of the *haut bois* is elm, the *sous bois* mainly hazel, and trees and underwood alike are planted as thickly together as possible. This forces upward growth, and, like most things in Holland, has a definite purpose. The underwood is used almost entirely to make the fascines which form the lowest layer on which the great dykes are built, and experience has shown that it is desirable that these fascines should be as long as possible. They are bought by government, and shipped by the hundred thousand to those parts of the coast where the dykes are being renewed. The high trees usually stand for about seventy years before being felled. A really fine ancient tree, like those in our parks, is seldom seen, except in the great wood at the Hague. The subsoil of the woods is of the lightest kind, mainly black sand, never damp, harboring no mould or mildew or unwholesome rotten vegetation, but warm, dry, and covered with a wonderful growth of wild flowers. Red campion, yellow nettle, dead nettles, and wood-anemones grow to double the size which they commonly reach in England, and sweet-briar seems native to the soil. Soft sandy paths wind in every direction through the woods, and cross and re-cross the canals by nicely made bridges of lattice-work. It is difficult to define the boundaries of garden and wood, and pheasants, rabbits, and wild ducks roam pretty much where they please over beds and borders. These woods form famous playgrounds for the children. In one the writer found a small "clearing" quite surrounded by trees, in which the little boys and girls of the house had made their gardens in the sandy soil, and

stuck them full of broken bits of chestnut with the young leaves on.

The Dutch proprietor does not, as a rule, amuse himself with a home farm. If he does, he probably has English relatives—for the connection between the upper classes of Holland and our own has remained unbroken in several of the leading families since the days of William III. But poultry-farming, or rather, the maintenance of a stock of rare or curious Eastern fowls, is a common hobby. These are kept in elaborately ornamented houses and runs, and with golden pheasants, peacocks, and other native birds, make a pretty addition to the live-stock of the house.

Whatever variety taste and tree-planting give to the demesne round the house, the adjacent ground is always the same. There is none of the gradual transition from park to meadow, and meadow to cornfields of an English mansion. The woods are bounded by a canal, or a ditch—a summer-house over the ditch being usually the last piece of "finish" added to the property. Beyond the ditch lie the "polders." These are the grass meadows, artificially drained, which form the normal scenery of the "cow-keeping" provinces of Holland. There they are differentiated as dry polders and wet polders, but to our own way of thinking they are all wet. There is, however, a real difference, and when the eye becomes used to them the distinction is obvious. In wet polders the lines of water and grass are almost equal, and the vegetation is that of the marsh-side. The grass is coarse, and myriads of king-cups and cuckoo flowers cover the ground. In the bright sun of early summer the alternation of shining lines of water and of bright green and yellow between them is picturesque enough. Down these strips of dry ground the cows graze, two and two, like young ladies at a boarding school out for a walk. The dry polders are cut for hay. There the lines of water are narrow, and they can be crossed on foot. But the Dutch farmers, good-natured and polite at all times, strongly object to trespass, and resent an excursion through their spring grass, even if

it be only a few inches high, as strongly as an English owner would a trespass into a knee-deep hayfield in June. As the cows are kept indoors throughout the winter, the polders then lie perfectly quiet, and are full of wild fowl, not massed in numbers on separate sheets of water, but scattered everywhere up and down the ditches. Nearly half the wild ducks brought to the London market are shot or netted in the Dutch polders, and it is noticed that nearly ninety per cent. of these are mallards. In very hard weather they leave not only the frozen polders but the whole area of Holland, and fly across the North Sea to the coasts of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. This is because the Dutch coast offers no food for them, the entire sea-board being one vast stretch of sand.

In spring the coast birds, godwits, redshanks, peewits, and oyster-catchers, migrate to the polders to nest and bring up their young. Their incessant calls and whistles, and restless flight, suggest an idea of wildness and isolation which it is difficult to reconcile with the highly domestic character of the other animals which there cover the meadows; the jacketed herds of cows waiting to be milked in the open, while the barge waits in the dyke to carry the brass milk-can to market, and the sheep, tethered on the embankments that they may not stray and drink the water below, in which lie the germs of "fluke" and other parasite creatures of the marsh.

Along the whole coast line of North and South Holland the change from this highly artificial area of polder and canal to a region, wild, uninhabited, and left almost entirely to the influence of nature, is as sudden as it is unexpected. When a Dutch gentleman feels the impulse which makes an Englishman rent a Scotch or Yorkshire moor, he hires an estate in the sand dunes. There in spring he can pass hours without seeing a human being, in air as crisp and pure as that of a Norfolk heath, surrounded by vegetation as characteristic and specialized as the flora of the Alps, and by a mixed and

teeming population of the birds of the shore, the forest, and the moorland, all living and thriving among conditions of soil and climate to which they have adapted their habits much as the shrubs have modified their form and growth to suit this arid tract. Except, perhaps, in the sandhills of the Moray Firth, described by the late Charles St. John, we have nothing quite like the "dunes." They are no ordinary row of sand-mounds by the sea, but a tract of tumultuous ground, often extending for a couple of miles inland, where the visitor is surrounded by a bewildering profusion of broken, conical hills, sometimes rising to a height of two hundred feet. The whole scene leaves a sense of confusion on the mind, which has a logical basis. These hills ought according to the ordinary course of nature, to be connected in systems, to be intersected by continuous valleys, and to conform to a certain order. That is the unconscious feeling which arises in the mind of any one who has lived among hilly landscape as it is ordinarily made. But here the usual process of the formation of landscape has been reversed. Instead of being carved out by water, the hills have been built up by wind, which night and day from century to century blows in a grey rain of sand-grains from the fringe of the North Sea, a rain which builds in place of destroying. It forms hills and hollows, but neither lines of hills nor continuous valleys. Sometimes the polders run up to the very edge of the dunes, separated from them by a narrow ditch, on one side of which grow the plants of the marsh, on the other the herbage of the desert. More often a belt of sound meadows with a soil of mixed peat and sand intervenes. Sheep can be fed all the year round on these without danger from fluke. Then the dunes begin, at first in little rolling mounds, and gradually rising into steep hills and hollows. The seaward side undergoes a kind of cultivation. Wherever the sand is blowing, it is planted with little branches of maram grass, or "helm," as it is called in Holland. This is a State work, supervised by a kind of local gov-

ernment board exercising general control over this natural barrier in the interests of the public. It can even compel owners to kill down the rabbits, if their numbers threaten to destroy the cohesion of the surface. But the greater part of the hills is covered by natural vegetation, so beautiful and so adapted to its place that the visitor is kept in a constant state of admiration as he recognizes its place in the general scheme of nature round. When the sand begins to set among the "helm" it is soon covered by the *dwarfed vegetation* of the dunes. This reduction of plants to almost microscopic size is a common phenomenon of barren or inclement tracts. It is seen in the upper levels of mountains and on the fringe of the "barren lands" of North America. But there climate rather than soil is at fault. In the dunes the climate is perfect, and the soil only is deficient. The plants live on air, not by water, and flourish gaily in a kind of vegetable Lilliput. The first to appear are tiny spots and spores of moss, among and around which is fine grass hardly higher than the pile of plush velvet. Among this are wild pansies and blue violets, so tiny that an elf of the court of Queen Mab might wear them in his button-hole. A little scarlet-leaved creeper, with white blossoms and forget-me-not flowers of the brightest blue, but no larger than a pin's head, also grow thickly in the grass. Bushes dwindle to creeping plants. A dwarf-willow runs over the sand, and blossoms with masses of green flowers, on which the bees work busily, *walking* from flower to flower on the sand. The birch becomes subterranean, descending on to and below the surface like a strawberry runner and throwing out leaves from the ground. Brambles do the same, and that beautiful bush the buckthorn, with grey leaves, orange flowers, and short thorns, dwindles to the size of rest-harrow. Further on in the dunes, where the hills grow higher and more breezy and the hollows deep and stifling, the vegetation increases in size until it becomes normal. The moss is thick and deep, the grass long and

rank, the buckthorn forms thickets, and the willows are large enough to shelter innumerable small land birds. Dense copses of fir and pine cover the inner dunes, and in these the song of the nightingale, the call of the cuckoo, and the crow of the cock-pheasant are heard from every side in the spring days. Hundreds of rabbits and big hares are moving in the hills, and pairs of partridges whirr up from the hollows. Peewits, oyster-catchers, and curlew also nest in numbers in the dunes; their presence might be expected there by any naturalist. But the number of singing birds and game birds in this apparently waterless region is quite astonishing. On the writer's first expedition into the dunes he pointed out this anomaly to a friend who had been some years resident in Holland, and remarked that the appearance of birds in this way is described by travellers in the Soudan and Arabian deserts as a sure indication of the presence of water. So it is in the dunes of Holland. When the North Sea canal was cut some English engineers were discussing the need for a good water supply for the Hague. As all the land is flat, except in the big sand-hills, a pure supply seemed an impossibility. A sportsman present, who knew the dunes well, declared that to his knowledge there *was* fresh water in the sand-hills. There were certain spots, he said, where the grass was always green, and where, after rain, hares and birds came to drink. This was found to be the case. The Municipality of the Hague acted on the hint, and cut a deep trench, some two miles in length and twenty yards wide at the bottom, through the heart of the dunes four miles from the town. This is one of the many surprises awaiting the explorer of the sand-hills. After walking for miles in the waterless dunes he is confronted by this trench, like a deep railway cutting, at the bottom of which lies the long dark line of water, lapping against the timber which lines the lowest levels of the trench, and bordered by masses of burdocks, willow-herb, meadow-sweet, and other stream-side plants. In autumn there is capital rough shooting in the dunes,

especially in those belonging to the queen of Holland. Teams of spaniels are the best dogs for use, as the cover is often thick, and the swarms of rabbits lie out in the "helm," buckthorn bushes, and little dwarf-pine copses. The great art of rabbiting in the dunes is to creep carefully to the top of the sand-hill, then run over the crest, and get a snapshot at the rabbits as they disappear on the other side. The partridges lie well in the hollows, and at certain times there are plenty of woodcock, which feed in the wet "polders" at night and lie in the dunes by day. There is another form of sport of a humble kind very dear to the poorer people, who have scraped out little farms of a few acres on the edge of the dunes, and grow crops of vegetables and potatoes on the peat uncovered by their labor. It is the catching of small birds on "vinkie baans." A "baan" is the Dutch name for any flat place, and "vinkies" are, of course, our "finches." In spring not a bird is molested in the country, except those, like the plovers and red-shanks, whose eggs are eaten, but in the autumn migration every small bird which arrives is, if possible, netted or snared. The tens of thousands of hen chaffinches which cross the North Sea are the main harvest of the season, as they are used to garnish dishes of pheasants and other game. The "vinkie baans" are smooth places levelled near the netters' huts. Call birds, birds in cages, and chaffinches tied to strings, surround the clap-nets; and in these from two hundred to three hundred chaffinches a day are taken, the wholesale price for which is 3s. 4d. a hundred. As the season goes on the number decreases but the price rises; so the "vinkie baan" is still profitable. Woodcocks are also netted in the rides in the woods. But no one can do this without a license, and such licenses are only issued to landowners. In the absence of running streams the woodcock can find no food in Holland when a frost sets in. Till then they are plentiful through October and November, and even later in a mild season. Fishing does not rank high among the country pursuits of Holland; though as a busi-

ness, on the coast, it is managed with great skill and profit. The salmon netting in the upper tidal waters of the Scheldt is also practised with great success. But there are no trout; and tench are the main object of the canal fisherman. In April the tench begin to move, and travel in great numbers to different waters from those which they lay in during the winter. Then they are netted, and later in the year, when they are in better condition, are angled for. But the people are habitually too busy to take readily to the contemplative recreation of the "bank angler." What they really enjoy is a fair, skating, or the one distinctly Dutch sport, the *Harddriverij*. This delightful word (pronounced "hard-drivery") is Dutch for a trotting match. It was from Holland, through the old Dutch settlers of the colony, before new Amsterdam was taken by the fleets of Charles II. and re-named New York, that our American cousins got their taste for trotting horses. All classes, from the nobleman to the farmer, grow excited over the survivals of the chariot race, and their level roads have naturally led to the breeding of horses exactly suited for gig driving at high speed. The breed is indigenous to Friesland, though many are bred in Guelderland. Most of the horses are shaped like a small edition of the English shire horse, short and compact, with very strong quarters and well sloped shoulders. They do not show the quality of the Norfolk or Orloff trotter, as the neck and head are coarser, and they have generally a good deal of hair at the heels; but for pace, over a short course, it is doubtful if either could equal them. The trotting matches are run in heats like coursing matches, except that in each a horse must win the best out of three courses. At the Hague these races are held in a fine avenue running from the great wood to the "Maalibaan" or parade ground. The course is on pounded cockle-shells, and wide enough for two

gigs to race abreast. A score of entries is not uncommon. The horses are owned by men of all degrees, count, baron, or farmer, and the gigs picked out with gold, and the animals decorated with ribbons make a fine show. The pairs go off with a flying start, at the sound of a bugle, and if the two vehicles are not level when they pass the line the bugle sounds again, and they start afresh. The horses are steadied, and as they once more pass the line the driver shakes the reins—for no whip is allowed, and the pair fly down the avenue at top speed, their hind legs tucked under them, and their fore feet coming out like pistons. When the final heats are run the excitement grows intense. Unlike our flat racing, the *Harddriverij* victory often falls to some comparatively poor owner of a trotter. The count and the farmer shout encouragement as their gigs rush by, and the friends of each are equally demonstrative in their different ways. If the farmer wins the success is celebrated that evening with an enthusiasm which could not be exceeded in Yorkshire. The Dutch are generally considered a phlegmatic race; but they keep an immense reserve of excitement strictly suppressed, and when this finds vent, not even Italians can be wilder. That evening half-a-dozen well-to-do farmers and their wives may be met dancing arm in arm down the *Spui Straat*, singing at the top of their voices, the owner of the winner beating time as he dances backwards in front of them.

At the end of April or the beginning of May outdoor life in Holland is most enjoyable. The tulip fields still show the flowers of the later sorts, and the bird life is most interesting when the nesting season is beginning. Locomotion is so easy in a country where every road is flat, stream trams and light railways common, and the roads perfect for cycling, that all the varieties of country scenery may be enjoyed without sleeping away from the hotel.

C. J. CORNISH.

Some Memories of the Queen's Childhood and Marriage. 119

From The Cornhill Magazine.
SOME MEMORIES OF THE QUEEN'S CHILDHOOD AND MARRIAGE.

I think it must be seventy-two years ago since I first saw the Princess Victoria, then about six years old, and one month younger than myself. I was taken by my grandmother, Lady Radnor, who had, I believe, been on intimate terms with the old Royal family, to Kensington Palace, when she paid a visit to the Duchess of Kent. The room, which I remember with some distinctness, had a large window, I think a bay, in which a little girl was playing by herself, and whom I joined, while the elders conversed together. I do not know whether I may have shown a too easy familiarity of manner in my ignorance of court etiquette, but the young princess quickly and warningly told me, referring to the toys scattered around, "You must not touch those, they are mine; and I may call you Jane, but you must not call me Victoria." Being by nature inclined to obedience, I hope, and think, I did not transgress in these matters, but I have no recollection of how the visit passed off, nor how we parted.

When I was about fourteen or fifteen—that is over sixty-two years ago—my mother went from Wiltshire to the Isle of Wight to hold a stall, I think, at a bazaar patronized, and I believe attended, by the Duchess of Kent, to raise funds to meet distress in Ireland. From the sale my mother brought me back an impression from a drawing on stone by the Princess Victoria, whose signature is lithographed in the corner. It is a pretty picture of a village child leaning against a projection of a cliff, while a pitcher on the ground is being filled with water from a pipe let into the rock. In a moment of folly, years afterwards, I pasted the picture on to a screen, where I fear I must now leave it; but one day I hope somebody will have it carefully removed and framed, for its own sake, and that of the hand that executed it. I have often wondered whether many copies of it now exist, and, if so, where.

When I was seventeen my family

passed a winter at Ramsgate, where the Duchess of Kent and her daughter were also staying, and with whom my parents one evening went to dine, while I, not quite emancipated from the schoolroom, was left at home. To my surprise and somewhat, no doubt, to my consternation, mingled with pleasure, a message came back to say the carriage was to call for me and take me to join the party in the evening. Not an evening dress fit for "society" did I possess, at any rate not there; but for that there was no help, so I was attired, if I remember rightly, in a frock of washed white book-muslin, as the material was then called, without sash or bows to brighten it, black silk mittens for my hands and arms, and probably black prunella shoes on my feet, with sandals crossing over the instep and fastened round the ankle, and away I went. We danced a quadrille while some one of the company I think played, and I dare say I most conscientiously pointed the toes of my prunella shoes, rounded my arms into two semicircles, and held up the skirt of the washed muslin frock, in strict accordance with the teaching of my kind old French dancing master. Dancing was dancing in those days, not skirmishing! The princess joined in the quadrille, but I cannot recall any other particular circumstance relating to the part she took that evening, and the few guests dispersed early.

The strongest impression I brought away with me was the gracious, smiling, gentle kindness of the Duchess of Kent, which always seemed to shine in her face whenever we afterwards met.

When our queen was married, I was named to be one of her twelve bridesmaids, an honor the sense of the greatness of which has strengthened with passing years. We were at the time living in Berkshire, and my mother and I had then our first experience of railroad-travelling—as after posting, I think to Reading, we joined the Great Western line, not, however, entering a public carriage. To have done so then

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would, I imagine, have startled our friends as unpleasantly as a very few years ago staid grandmamas and demure aunts were startled by hearing of granddaughters and nieces skipping into omnibuses or climbing to their tops, and so careering along London streets. On this occasion our own carriage was placed on a truck; in this we sat, and so steamed to town.

The morning of the wedding, the twelve bridesmaids assembled in St. James's Palace some considerable time before our services were required; so when we perceived that one of our number had her rose on the wrong side of her head, we had plenty of leisure to remedy the mistake, the victim most good-humoredly submitting to our criticism and amateur hairdressing. She was one of those eight¹ of our number who have passed away since then to the "unknown land." How simple our dress was! A double skirt of white tulle over white silk, the upper one looped up on one side and fastened by a large white rose with green leaves similar to the one worn on the head, though maybe bigger. They were placed on the right side of those who were to walk on the left, and on the left side of the six on the opposite side of the train. Holding up that train we walked along the corridor with spectators ranged in tiers along the wall, and turned into the chapel, when for a moment came a startling discordant crash, as the band in the passage did not stop playing outside before the organ took up a totally different strain within. I dare say the bride heard nothing of it, for doubtless heart and thoughts were too deeply engrossed to notice any outward matter.

Like our attire, all was simple and plain in the chapel. There were no ballroom-like decorations, no glitter or pomp, ecclesiastical or otherwise, no light but that from Heaven. But there was calm seriousness, deep tender interest, and a reverent hush, save the reading of the Prayer-book service.

¹ Since the above was written, by the death of Lady Foley the number has become nine.

The great lady—the very great lady knelt, visibly trembling, before the communion rails, and a noble woman and a noble man were joined together in holy matrimony and by the bond of a consecrated love.

Ah me! what years of happiness followed, and then what mourning and woe! It was God's will that our sovereign should be visited by a crushing sorrow; but we may well praise and thank him, that, in spite of the bitter trial, he of his grace and mercy spared her to the affection, and the veneration of her people, and to the tender love of her children.

I cannot recall what passages or apartments we passed through after the ceremony, but we finally found ourselves in a room with the queen and prince with no guests or relatives present. They were standing by a table, when an attendant brought in what looked like a plain colored baize or cloth bag, and gave it to the queen, who drew from it, one at a time, a little dark blue velvet case, giving one to each of us. Then she and the prince passed out at a side door, and we saw them no more.

The cases contained brooches in the form of a spread eagle studded with turquoises, with ruby eyes and holding a pearl in each claw. The royal initials and the date were engraved at the back. We afterwards received permission to wear them in a white rosette on our shoulder, as a kind of bridesmaids' order. But the use of this privilege gradually died out. I hazard the conjecture that under similar circumstances in these days the gifts would be brought in with stately ceremony, resting on a richly embroidered velvet cushion lying on a golden salver. Yet I rejoice to remember it was not so then, and look back with respectful admiration to the unostentatious, simple habits of those times. But, "*autres temps, autres mœurs*," I had a great appreciation of the beauty of the royal bridegroom, as I have also of his upright character, marked mental endowments, and practical wisdom; but I had no other personal knowledge of his charm.

In the evening a banquet was held in the palace, to which I was escorted by my step-brother-in-law, Colonel Buckley, one of the earliest equerries of her Majesty. There were little tables, at one of which we sat with others, but I have no recollection who were our companions; while at a large table, presided over, I think, by the Duchess of Kent, were the greater folk. After the feast the guests departed, and so the wedding day was ended.

Since then kind words in the sweet and gentle voice of our Royal Mistress have been spoken to me, when I have felt almost too shy and nervous to hear them; but that belongs to a far away past.

I have a possession I value much. It is a slight pencil sketch drawn by the queen and sent to me through my brother-in-law, to show what the bridesmaid's dress was to be. It is on note-paper, stamped with a gold crown in one corner. I was told that one of the other bridesmaids had a similar gift, but whether there were more I never heard.

When I am gone hence, I hope this little treasure will pass to a near relative of my own who already possesses a letter written by Queen Elizabeth to one of her maids of honor. I think it would be fitting that the same house should contain a letter written by Queen Elizabeth the Great and a drawing from the hand of Queen Victoria the Greatly Beloved.

JANE HARRIETT ELLICE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ON THE ABUSE OF DIALECT.

What is the function in literature of dialect, or of what King James the First, writing of his own tongue, calls Upland Speech? Accepting, provisionally, the theory of language which says that we think in words, all dialects may be regarded as expressions of distinct types of character; and as they are less remote from the lowest stratum of speech, so they reflect more

vividly than the literary language can do, certain phases of human experience.

The history of all dialects is similar, but for the purposes of illustration we may take the Scottish as typical. Mr. Freeman says:—

The Scottish, that is the northern form of English is, in the strictest sense, a dialect. That is to say, it is an independent form of the language which might have come to set the standard, and become the polite and literary speech, instead of that form of the language to which that calling actually fell. Or rather as long as Scotland was politically distinct from the southern England, the northern form of English actually did set the standard within its own range. It was the polite and literary speech within the English-speaking lands of the Scottish kings.

Even then, however, a distinction was made between literary Scotch and vernacular Scotch. Nor was this all. It has been pointed out by trustworthy authorities, that in the sixteenth century written Scotch began to differentiate itself markedly from the common English (Inglish), which was employed at an earlier period throughout the old kingdom of Northumbria. The change is traceable to political causes. An intense feeling of hostility to everything English set in after the great national disaster at Flodden. The nation was driven in upon itself. A spirit of literary separatism came into play, and patriotic writers made it a boast that they did not write in English but in Scottish, that they had discarded the southern in favor of their own language. This spirit, which has survived to our own time, and obtrudes itself too often in Scottish dialect literature, is a very different thing from the patriotism which inspired Burns to sing a song for Scotland's sake.

What is and what is not classical Scottish, it may be left to students of the dialect to determine. It is sufficient to recognize the fact that there was once a Scottish language which was the literary speech within the English-speaking lands of the Scottish

kings. The old conditions cannot be revived. The reformation and the union of the crowns made it inevitable that the northern should succumb to the southern form of the common English speech; and Scotch, as it is now spoken and written, cannot be treated as differing from other English dialects in kind. The question whether and to what extent it is admissible in contemporary literature to employ Scotch is to be tested by the same canons as are applied to any similar departure from the literary language.

Long ago (in 1584-5), King James wrote his "Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie," and attempted to lay down rules and cautions (*cautelis*) for the literary use of his mother-tongue. Of these rules there are two which particularly deserve attention. The royal critic advises poetic aspirants that if their purpose be of love, they are "to use common language with some passionate words," while, if their purpose be to write of "landward affairs," they ought "to use corruptit and uplandis words."

The first of these rules is sound in principle, and justified by practice. A Scot, when under the influence of strong emotion, resorts instinctively to a purer form of speech than he is in the habit of employing. In his finest songs, and when the element of humor does not enter, Burns approaches pure English in form and phrase. There is, for instance, little or nothing in the dictation of "Mary Morison" or "Ae Fond Kiss," two of the best love-songs ever written, which an Englishman can find difficulty in understanding. Passion dictates pure speech, and tact should tell a lover that it is no compliment to his mistress to court her in the rudest and broadest form of the vernacular. Of the other rule, that, in speaking of landward or rustic affairs, the poet should use corrupt and upland words, the validity is not so apparent. If we take it as meaning that a writer is deliberately to adopt a corrupt form of the language, it is obviously vicious. But that is not the only meaning that can be taken out of it; and if we revert

to the doctrine that we think in words, we may discover a sound principle underlying the advice that in writing of rural affairs we should make use of rural speech. The dialect which lives in the mouths of the rural population, whether it be the dialect of Scotland or Cumberland, of Lancashire or Lincoln, of Somersetshire or Devon, reflects a different world from that which is imaged in the standard language.

Landward affairs may be taken as including not only external nature and man's relation to it, but also rural character and manners. The use of dialect for the description of external nature, is necessarily confined to those who speak it as their native language. The most gifted writer, if his mother-tongue be a dialect which does not embody the best thought of the time, works under limitations. Although within the limits imposed upon him he may approach perfection, he can never attain his fullest development. His spirit is cabined by the speech in which it seeks to image itself. But confined though he be to a dialect of which the growth has been checked, there are some things he may do as well as a writer who uses the standard literary speech. Dialect must inevitably connote less than the standard language; as an expression of all that is meant by mind, it must be less intense. Yet if we recall the fact that the lowest stratum of speech reflects the external universe as primitive man saw it, we shall see how it is possible that a dialect may express more clearly than the standard language the phenomena of nature. A Wordsworth does not see less in nature than a Burns; he sees more; he finds thoughts that lie too deep for tears in the meanest flower that blows. Burns does not; but what he does see is perfectly vivid to him, and has all the qualities of an immediate sensation. And his dialect, like the language of earlier Scottish and English writers, suffices to reflect this direct vision of nature. The mirror is not too small for the object. It is for this reason, perhaps, that critics are so

unanimous in acknowledging the adequacy of the Scottish vernacular, in the hands of Burns, as the image of the vivid perception of the objective world. And sometimes they are apt to put extravagantly high the claims of the dialect in this respect.

The late Principal Shairp, in his monograph on Burns, has an interesting passage which may serve as an illustration. "What pure English words," he asks, "could so completely and graphically, describe a sturdy old mare in the plough, setting her face to the furzy braes, as the following:—

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an'
fiskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' riskit,
An' slypet owre?

Paraphrasing the verse, the principal makes it read: "Thou didst never fret, or plunge and kick, but thou wouldst have whisked thy old tail, and spread abroad thy large chest, with pith and power, till hillocks, where the earth was filled with tough-rooted plants, would have given forth a cracking sound, and the clouds fallen gently over." The paraphrase is purposely bald and cumbrous, and the principal, who was an accomplished Latin scholar, would have given a much terser version, had he been translating Burns into Latin verse. Bald as it is, it gives a better idea of the sense of the original than many modern Scottish readers themselves can gather even with the assistance of a glossary. What strikes one in Principal Shairp's commentary, however, is the implied theory that the standard English is inadequate to the description of an old mare facing a particularly tough bit of ploughland, and that the dialect best describes the sympathy of the farmer with his faithful, inarticulate friend and fellow-laborer. Without going the length of saying that the idea could not be expressed in good English, the fact that a critic like Shairp thinks so may be accepted as a proof of the power

the vernacular exercises over those who are familiar with it. One can quite appreciate the force of the contention that to Burns the tolling life of the ploughman and his horse was a most vivid experience, and that he has made it live forever in his vernacular verse as he could not have done had he written in the standard English. Only let us remember that the secret of the power of Burns lies in clear vision and genial sympathy, not in the use of a particular vocabulary. The fact that his genius has made the Scottish dialect immortal is no proof that in other writers the excessive use of upland words is not a blemish.

A lavish use of dialect in narrative and dialogue is a vice akin to the free introduction of technical phrases in a work which is intended to be purely literary. We have a remarkable example of this blemish in Falconer's "Shipwreck;" and as Falconer was a Scot, one is tempted to ask whether an excessive love of detail may not be a Scottish failing of which the too liberal employment of the vernacular is only a symptom. Charles Lamb says of the Caledonian: "He brings his total wealth into company and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. His conversation is as a book." In the opening of "The Tempest," Shakespeare, by a few vivid strokes, paints a ship driving before the wind on a lee-shore.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my
hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail.
Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till
thou burst thy wind, if room enough. . . .
Down with the topmast! yare! lower,
lower! Bring her to try with main course.
. . . Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her to
courses off to sea again; lay her off.

There is the scene, and it could not be described without all this sailors' talk of sails and courses. At the same time there is no display of minute knowledge of navigation. Shakespeare says enough to bring before the mind's eye of seaman and landsman alike the peril of the ship and the efforts of the crew to bring her off; and he succeeds

perfectly. Now contrast Shakespeare's brief and graphic sketch with Falconer's elaborate scene. Unlike Shakespeare Falconer makes a most copious use of marine phraseology. In the space of some hundred lines he introduces to our notice, among other items of the fitting of the ship, top-gallant yards, travellers, back-stays, top-ropes, parrels, lifts, booms, reef-lines, hal-yards, bow-lines, clue-garnets, reef-tackles, bralls, head-ropes, and ro-bands. There have been critics who have gone into ecstasies over the most highly nautical passages of this poem, but theirs is an enthusiasm which it is difficult to share. One can understand a seaman, or a seasoned yachtsman, becoming enraptured over Falconer's clue-garnets; and among a people whose love of salt water and tarry ropes is proverbial, there are possibly many to whose ears the jargon of the fore-castle and the marine dictionary is music. That these sea-phrases can be used effectively Shakespeare has shown; but Falconer demonstrated that enough is far better than a feast. Falconer's mistake is excessive circumstantiality, and this is just the error into which vernacular writers, who prize the vernacular for its own sake, are apt to fall. With them the use of dialect tends to become an affectation, a sort of inverted pedantry, an occasion for displaying a knowledge of uninteresting minutiae.

When applied to the description of rustic character and manners, King James's advice is of wider interest than when restricted to the description of external nature, for the use of dialect to portray manners is not confined to those who speak the vernacular. Extending the rule to this usage, we may accept the general principle that when a thought has been born in dialect, so to speak, dialect is appropriate for its expression. But as no true artist paints everything he sees, no discriminating writer repeats literally everything he hears. Modern writers of Scottish dialect have sinned against this principle, and have neglected to observe that there is a distinction be-

tween literary Scotch and vernacular Scotch. The distinction is important. Sir Walter Scott, who may be taken as a model in the use of dialect, is careful to insist upon it, and we imagine the words he puts in the mouth of the Duke of Argyle in "The Heart of Midlothian" express his own view. It may be remembered that the duke eulogizing Effie Deans (now become Lady Staunton) says, "She speaks with a Scotch accent, and now and then a provincial word drops out so prettily that it is quite Doric;" and when Butler interposes with the remark that he should have thought that would have sounded vulgar, the duke replies, "Not at all, you must suppose that it is not the broad, coarse Scotch that is spoken in the Canongate of Edinburgh or in the Gorbals." In practice Scott himself observes this difference. He never sinks into Gorbals Scotch. As Mr. Ruskin has pointed out with fine discrimination, he does not, like some modern writers, consider it amusing to indulge in "ugly spellings." He "makes no attempt whatever to indicate accents or modes of pronunciation by changed spelling, unless the word becomes a quite definitely new and scarcely writeable one." He only uses the Scots form of a word when there is a difference between it and English. "There is no lisping, drawling, slobbering, or snuffling; the speech is as clear as a bell and as keen as an arrow; and its elisions and contractions are either melodious (*na* for *not* and *pu'd* for *pulled*) or as normal as in Latin verse."

But every Scottish writer is not so skilful as Scott, and the excessive use some of them make of the vernacular in describing rustic manners is apt to repel. The explanation is obvious if we call to mind the dictum, *we think in words*. An excessive use of dialect in this connection involves a minute account of the meaner and more trivial details of common life which are not necessarily worth photographing. A conspicuous example of the jarring effect of a too free use of the vernacular in this way is to be found in a very interesting narrative poem entitled "Hel-

enore," written in the latter half of last century by Alexander Ross of Lochlee. As a pastoral tale "Heleenore" is admirable; the plot is original and well worked out; and it gives us a valuable insight into the life and customs of a crofter commune, situated on the debatable ground between Highland and Lowland where the conflict between two opposing systems of social ethics was still in the balance; the Highlanders maintaining, in anticipation of Wordsworth's Rob Roy, that right goes with might, and that the booty belongs to the victor, while the Lowlanders take their stand on the principle that the law is protector of the weak. With all his merits Ross is now almost unknown, and the main reason is that his vernacular is unpleasant. Scott, when he quotes him, amends him, and speaks of him as being forgotten even in his day. Had he written in a language less uncouth, his poem might have lived. He wished, as he tells us, to give expression to the sentiments of plain people living in a remote part of the country. The object is laudable enough; but Wordsworth did something of the same kind without finding it necessary to speak the language of Cumbrian folk, and Ross might have fulfilled his purpose without adopting the coarsest Scottish *patois*. He appears to have erred against his better instinct, for he altered his style upon the advice of a mentor to whom he showed his manuscript. The judgment which this gentleman pronounced might serve as the creed of the Killyard School. "Your poem, Mr. Ross," the critic is reported to have said, "is beautiful, and you are nearly as good at the English as you are at the Latin. You are trying, I see, to imitate some of those great English poets, but it will not go down just yet to speak of Scotch fashions to Scotch people in the English tongue. Gae awa hame, mon, and turn it into braid Scotch verse; and, gin ye print it, not a jot 'will my lassies do at their wheel, and some thousands mair like them, till they have read it five or six times over."

Judged by the result, the advice was wrong. The flame of Ross's genius was smothered under the speech he used, whereas had it been fed with the oil of a less outlandish dialect, it might have continued to shed a mild but benignant light over a little known phase of Scottish rural life. It was Ross's misfortune that he had no one to give him an advice similar to that which Charles Lamb gave John Clare. "In some of your story-telling ballads, the provincial phrases sometimes startle me. I think you are too profuse with them. In poetry *slang* of every kind is to be avoided. There is a rustic Cockneyism, as little pleasing as ours of London. . . . Now and then a home rusticism is fresh and startling; but, when nothing is gained in expression, it is out of tenor. It may make folks smile and stare; but the ungenial coalition of barbarous with refined phrases will prevent you in the end from being so generally tasted as you desire to be." Lamb was "a scorner of the fields," but, as Wordsworth adds, he was more so in show than truth. He was certainly a more discreet critic than Ross's friend.

Upon the principle that we can look out on infinitude through any loophole, it may be said that one can find an epitome of all humanity in the life of his village. That is the idea, so far as they act by rule, of the extreme school of local and dialect literature. There is undoubtedly some force in it. On the other hand, it is almost certain, that if a man's ears are continually filled with the cackle of his bourg, he will in time become deaf to everything else. A dialect-literature cultivated for its own sake inevitably tends downward to the utterly provincial and parochial.

Shakespeare, in a well-known passage in "King Lear," makes Edgar speak in dialect.

Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor folk pass. And chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard

or my ballow be the harder; chill be plain with you. . . . Chill pick your teeth, zir; "Come, no matter vor your foins."

The dialect is in this case of course adopted in order to support the peasant's disguise. On the same principle, that amusing rogue, Captain John Creighton, in relating how he ran to earth the hillside men of the West Country, adopts the West Country tongue on occasion. "While the soldiers stayed to refresh their horses in the churchyard," he tells us, "I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him in his own dialect, 'Whither gang ye, this time of night?' He answered, 'Wha are ye that speers?' I replied, 'We are your ane foke.'" This had the desired effect. While Captain John's dialect is not perfect, the idea of it, like Edgar's, is correct. *Friends* from a stranger lurking about a churchyard at night would have sounded *Enemies*, even to a Westland Whig so gulleless as to accept as genuine so poor an imitation of his own tongue. The employment of dialect by Edgar and of West Country Scots by Captain John Creighton is clearly consistent with dramatic fitness. Edgar deceived Oswald by his dress and speech, and there is no other way of indicating the deception than by using the dialect.

It is sometimes charged against modern vernacular writers that they do not distinguish between dialect and corruptions. But the sin is not new. Fluellen wears the leek "upon St. Tavy's day," and tells Henry that all the water in the Wye cannot wash "the Welsh blood out of his pody." "It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath," observes Captain Jamy; while Captain Macmorris, in the same play, speaks of the town being "beseeched," and asks, "what ish my nation?" It is but a step from corruptions such as these to the misspelling of Tabitha Bramble, the extraordinary idioms of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig, and the philological vagaries of the American humorists. Mrs. Gamp offends some fastidious tastes; but where are we to draw the line? "Comparisons are odorous," says Dogberry. "No capari-

sons, miss, if you please," is Mrs. Malaprop's version of the axiom. "Caparisons don't become a young woman." If we think in words, there is no better way of reproducing the muddle-headedness of a Dogberry or the vacuous conceit of a Malaprop than in words that are no words; but the usage marks the borderland between what is legitimate and what is illegitimate.

In the main, the practice of the best writers confirms the rule that dialect should only be used to convey ideas for the expression of which the standard language is inadequate, and should be used only to an extent sufficient to mark the individuality of the speaker. Where the use of dialect is really vitalizing, where it emphasizes a character really worth knowing, it is permissible, but not otherwise. And after all, the experience for which the literary language does not provide sufficient expression is comparatively unimportant. It is a sign of degeneracy in our literature when writers deliberately resort to the grotesque, the archaic, or the vernacular. It is the duty of his countrymen to maintain the credit of the tongue that Shakespeare wrote. We owe far more to it than to any dialect.

It is astonishing that Scotsmen of all people in the world should fail to realize the significance of the fact that the Scottish people, like the English, have done their thinking, not in dialect, but in English, on the most solemn occasions in their lives. For more than two centuries the thoughts which have made Englishmen and Englishwomen what they are, which have made Scotsmen and Scotswomen what they are, have been presented to them in English pure and undefiled. The literary value of the Church-service to the English people has been incalculable; and this is true also of Scotland. In town and country, for generations, Scotch people have heard the Bible read in the church every Sabbath, and many of them used to hear it read twice a day at family exercise. As children they learned by heart the metrical versions of the Psalms and the clean-cut, logical, dogmatic statements of the

Shorter Catechism. Their religion, in short, came to them in an English garb. It would be difficult to over-estimate the literary importance of this fact. It has had a much profounder influence upon their literature, if they would only think of it, than their songs and ballads, or the story of Wallace, of which Burns said that it poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into his veins which would continue to boil along there until the floodgates shut in eternal rest. No one can take a just view of the comparative value of the vernacular literature of Scotland who leaves out of sight the important fact, which Scotsmen presumably overlook only because it is so familiar, that the standard English has been to them of far greater value than their own form of speech. It only needs a moment's reflection to prove that there are some things which their dialect cannot accomplish. To an ordinary sober-minded Scotsman it would appear partly grotesque, and partly profane, to state the great verities of his religion in anything but the purest speech. With true insight Sir Walter Scott does not make Mauch Headrigg, pronouncedly vernacular though she naturally is, give paraphrases of Scripture in her own dialect. She quotes correctly the Orientalisms of the Old Testament; she gives the very words of the authorized translation, as knowing them familiarly and believing in plenary inspiration.

The ideas capable of being expressed even in the purest dialect which has fallen behind in the race for supremacy, are and must be at best only of second-rate or third-rate value. The Scotsman, equally with the Englishman, is interested in maintaining the dignity of English speech. "The language of world-wide literature," said Dean Stanley, "is the only fitting garb for those eternal and primary principles of which the Grecian poet has said that they have their foundation on high, all-embracing like their parent Heaven, neither did mortal infirmity preside over their birth, nor shall forgetfulness lay them to sleep. There is

in them a great divinity that grows not old."

From The Academy.

SOME CHILD-CRITICS OF BROWNING.

A BOARD SCHOOL OF EXPERIMENT.

I have before me some essays written by children in the Walworth Board Schools on the life and poetry of Robert Browning. They were prepared for a competition which culminated, less than a fortnight ago, in a distribution of honors, and my knowledge of the matter dates from the brief newspaper report of that ceremony. But it does not end with it. So much of Browning's mind had been hidden from the wise and prudent that it seemed to be worth while to discover how much had been revealed to babes; and I went to Walworth. There I found Mr. F. Herbert Stead in his large office in the Robert Browning Hall in York Street.

Mr. Stead spoke of working men who read "Abt Vogler" or "Paracelsus" with him, finding meanings that had escaped himself; of lectures and entertainments, of May Day festivals and summer outings, of Bible study, clubs, flower missions, and of many other agencies by which it is sought to let in light on the dark places of Walworth. And he said that the pivot, the magnet, the ever-useful pretext of it all was Browning's early connection with the neighborhood. Born in Camberwell young Browning came for years to worship with his parents in the Congregational Chapel which now, under the name of a hall, bears his name. Thanks to the Settlement the humblest folk in Walworth have learned the name at least of Robert Browning. It is true that many of them begin by taking the "Settlement" for a charitable fund, and coming forward to claim their "share;" but their disillusionment is the beginning of good. And the children?

Mr. Stead explained this development. While taking a holiday in the

Lake Country he discovered that the Rydal and Grasmere children are carefully instructed in Wordsworth's life and poetry, each child growing up with some knowledge and love of the poet. Why—he exclaimed to himself—not rear Walworth boys and girls on Browning? The idea dwelt with him, and on his return to Walworth Mr. Stead went round the board schools and broached his idea to the teachers. "You are bound by the Code," he said, "to give a certain amount of instruction in English literature; why not take up Browning, who was born and bred in Walworth, and in whom, therefore, it will be easy to interest Walworth boys and girls?" The teachers saw the point, and the thing was done. After many days, or, to be precise, a year, Mr. Stead organized an essay competition, in which a large number of children in the various Walworth Board schools took part. The ages of the children so competing ranged from eleven to thirteen years.

Florence Legge, of the Sayer Street Girl's School, was awarded the prize. An idea of her essay will be gained in the following extracts from it: "Robert Browning," writes Florence:—

... was born on May 7th, 1812, in Southampton street, Camberwell. He was a handsome, fearless child, with a restless anxiety and a fiery temper. He clamored for occupation as soon as he could speak. His mother could only keep him quiet by telling him stories (probably Bible stories) while holding him on her knee. He was very fond of animals throughout the whole of his life. He was very fortunate in having good parents. His mother was a Scotchwoman. Thomas Carlyle says that "she was the type of a true Scottish gentlewoman." Her son (Robert) said (with the honest pride of a good son) that "she was divine," while a gentleman friend of hers says that "it was like heaven to be near her."

Florence's grasp of young Browning's home-life is quite equalled by her appreciation of his poetry.

The poetry of Robert Browning is very different in style from that of any other English poet. He is very original. His poetry is real, and has entirely a new

foundation. Browning's poems are difficult, and require a great deal of thought. . . . This great poet in all his poems teaches us to persevere and never to give up trying. . . . All great poets and writers are sent by God to deliver a message to us, which they do in the pleasant form of either poetry or prose. No poet or author is great unless he in his writings teaches the reader nobler ways of living. Browning, in his poems, teaches us to look after our souls, and not to let them die away. He teaches us to be cheerful, and to remember "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

Florence deserved her prize, though, in her very last sentence, she jeopardized it by the statement that Mrs. Browning wrote three verses of poetry about her husband's death!

Nelle Redfern, of the King and Queen Street School, who is only eleven years old, puts down a number of simple facts very clearly and correctly. "The poet," she says, "received some of his finest inspirations while roaming through the Dulwich Woods."

At the same school Edith Isard is studying the poet. She writes:—

We ought to be proud of having such a noble and clever man born in this district.

James Rawlings of Victory Place School, fills in the story of Browning's boyhood with this interesting information:—

He was a very shy boy, and had been seen to run away and hide himself when he was not quite dressed. He always refused to drink his medicine unless he was bribed by a newt or a frog which was picked out of the strawberry bed in his garden.

"'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world,' sang the poor mill-girl, and Browning truly believed this to the end of his life," writes Nita Laurie Drake, also of Victory Place School, Standard VII.; and she adds: "It was while walking through the fields and leafy lanes of Dulwich that many of his best ideas came into his mind." Browning's child-critics are doing more to bring out this fact than all the Browning Societies put together.

W. W.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

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READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From *The Cosmopolitan*.
HUNTING DOWN THE PLAGUE.

Hunting down the plague is a ghastly business. The circumstances and details of the pursuit could hardly be more redolent of horror and loathsomeness. There is something sacred, too, in these noisome abysses of human misery, and a certain callousness must be acquired in order to deal with them effectively.

The daily series of visits is accomplished as rapidly and with as little forewarning as may be, so as to give the people no time to put themselves on guard. The personnel of the visiting party includes doctors, male and female, civil and military officers, and interested civilians, with a fringe of police and attendants to keep order and to effect removals, destroy bedding and clothing, and apply whitewash, as orders may be given. The visitors meet with every kind of evasion and passive opposition. Their aim, of course, is to get at the sick and the dead and to put the former in the hospitals and the latter wherever they will do the least harm; the aim of the people is to hide both dead and dying by every device that ingenuity or desperation suggests. It is probable that the hiders are successful four times where the seekers are once. The occasions on which deceptions are detected give a notion of the multitude that remain unknown. The effort to check the plague is like fighting in deep water to save a man resolved to drown himself. The labor is enormous, the issue well-nigh hopeless; but the English never relax; they make good their claim to be the best rulers in the world. After the exhaustion of each day's work they "tub," dress and meet at the club; they discuss the work and the prospects with grim cheerfulness, and next day at dawn are out and at it

once more. Now and then one or other of them drops and is seen no more. Little is said about him; the work goes on just the same. Duty is the Anglo-Indian's god.

I shall not give a detailed account of what I saw; there was a monotony underlying it all; the experiences of one day resembled those of another; the vein of revoltingness ran through them all. Sometimes the accompanying crowd seemed amused; sometimes they seemed alarmed; sometimes angry; in general, they did what they could, or dared, to impede and mislead the workers.

A house was marked down for visitation in the midst of the Bazaar. You could not see anything of it from the street; it was screened by other houses; but it was large enough to contain six hundred people. It was built round an interior court, perhaps five-and-twenty feet square; the four walls inclosing it went staggering upward, story above story, so that we seemed to stand at the bottom of a well. But what a well! The place, even here beneath the open sky, smelt like a cesspool. The ground under foot was boggy and foul; it was composed of dung and rotten matter of all kinds, and upon investigation proved to extend downward to a depth of no less than five feet. This huge and festering mass of coagulated filth had been accumulating unchecked, deep down in that pit of human habitations, for fifty years past. The heat, quite apart from the poison of the atmosphere was stifling and intolerable; there could never be any movement of air in this place, nor could the sunlight penetrate its hideous depths. But the windows of three-score living-rooms opened upon it, and this was the atmosphere which the inhabitants drew into

their lungs day and night. Daniel in the den of lions escaped unscathed; but the miracle would have seemed greater had he passed a night in this pit of hell.

The people who crept and peeped about the place assured us that sickness of any kind was quite unknown in this savory retreat. At the same time they admitted that several families were at the moment on a visit to their friends in the country, and had locked up their apartments. Hereupon orders were given to inspect the house from top to bottom, and to break open all closed doors unless keys were promptly forthcoming. Policemen had already been stationed at the exits of the building to prevent unauthorized escapes.

It was all kindly done; but that noise of forcing locks and breaking doors had a cruel and hostile effect. The beneficent objects in view were explicitly set forth, but the thronging brown faces listened with expressions of helpless incredulity or hopeless resignation. They believed that within the velvet scabbard was hidden a scimitar of steel.

The harvest of disease and death reaped in that single house was terribly large. Every room entered was dark, and the breath that came from it was unbreathable. Some were empty; three contained each but a single occupant—two were dead and one was dying. In one room, at the end of a stifling and lightless corridor, down which we had groped and stumbled, feeling along the filthy walls for possible doors, we found a mother and her baby locked in and left to die alone. The woman was barely able to move, but with her last strength she covered with a fold of her sari the body of her infant, lest it should be seen and taken away from her. There was no food or water in the room; there was a number of rats, all dead. The floor was uneven with the compacted grease, rubbish, and excrementitious filth of years, and in the dull flash of the lantern there could be discerned an obscure scuttling of obscene insects, disturbed at their banquet.

Now, the family and neighbors of this mother and her child had complacently

locked them up there in the darkness and horror to die a lingering and tortured death; they had done so with the victims' full privy and consent, and the reason was that both parties to the transaction preferred such an end to accepting the light, air, cleanliness and devoted nursing which the government offered them. If caste, superstition and ignorance can bring the descendants of a mighty race to this, what lower depth remains for them? And is this the ultimate goal of our clever contemporary Theosophists? One wishes the Mahatmas would come to Bombay and demonstrate to these turgid English how much better than Christianity is the esoteric doctrine.

A locked room, which had been declared by inmates of the house to be empty, was forcibly entered. It was pitch-dark, but the effluvium that came out of it, and a stirring within, showed that it was inhabited. Our lantern had gone out, and had been sent to be refilled. "How many are here?" demanded the leader of the party. "Nine, sahib," was the answer out of the darkness, after a pause. "Are there any sick?" "None, sahib," "Stand up against the wall that I may count you." There was a shuffling of feet, and our eyes, now partly accustomed to the darkness, could dimly discern a range of figures. The inspector stepped toward them, and laid his hand upon the breast of one after another. There were nine. We might have passed on; but at this moment the lantern was brought up. The inspector took it and threw its light along the group. "That man is sick!" he exclaimed after a moment, pointing to a drooping shape that was being obviously supported by those next to him. The suspected one was brought out and examined. He was not sick, but dead, and had been so for some hours.

For the other case I cannot personally vouch. A room was opened and half-a-dozen persons were discovered squatting in a circle on the floor, absorbed in a cheerful game of cards. A light, consisting of a strand of some vegetable substance burning in a pannikin of oil,

hung from the wall, throwing a deep shadow over the faces of three of the group. One does not expect a man stricken with plague to take part in a game of cards; but the practiced eye of one of the visitors marked something constrained in the attitude of one of the players; he seemed too deeply absorbed in the game. In truth, he was the subject of the game, not a participant in it. When the light was thrown up on his face, it showed the awful features of a stark and rotting corpse.

From "The Horrors of the Plague in Bombay."
By Julian Hawthorne.

From St. Nicholas.
THE PASSING OF THE DRUM.

Truly, then, can it be wondered that after generations of such experiences in real war, we regret to give up the drum, at whose magic touch such changes can be wrought? Could the beating of a gong (more barbarous yet than the drum), the ringing of a bell, or can even the piercing notes of the bugle, quite fill its place, and bring that same suppressed though exhilarated excitement and readiness for action to those who know its power? I fear not.

There is in the notes of the drum something unlike any other music in the world. How it sets the heart to throbbing and the blood to coursing through the veins, as it falls upon the ear! To what stirring scenes has its beating been the prelude, and what unspeakable sights have men seen within the sound of its rollings!

In its music there is something that sweeps away the sluggishness of everyday life, and gives a feeling that is akin to inspiration. No matter whether it be the long roll, breathing alarm as it is beaten by startled drummers in the stillness of the night, or the softer beats when the snares are muffled and men march with arms reversed and bowed heads behind the bier of a comrade who has left the ranks forever, the voice of the drum speaks to the heart and thrills it with courage or sorrow.

Every one has at some time in life felt something within him stir in sympathy with the drum. If one has ever heard it in the furious beating of the "rally," when ranks are broken, and regiments are fading away under fire, it is something to remember through life—forever. Perhaps it sets to glowing that spark of heroism or savagery latent in every human breast, and the spark that bursts forth into flame when men grapple hand-to-hand for home and liberty.

What matters it if, as musicians say, its music is barbarous—so barbarous that it has but one note? After all, it is the music of the soldier, whether it comes from the metal kettle-drums glittering as they swing in the sun at the head of close columns of helmeted men, or from the tom-tom of savage tepees amidst the cold snows and dark days of Northern winters, or amidst cactus-covered desert sands glowing with the fierce heat of tropic suns. Soldiers and warriors all, be they red or white, love its fierce alarum, and not one will die the less bravely for the dreams that the drummers and their drums have conjured up.

The glory of the drum is passing away. Of all the regular soldiers to-day, the Marines are the last to keep a drum-corps as their field music.

After a thousand years' service as the most warlike instrument in the armies of Europe and America, the drum must now take a secondary part; and with it will soon go the bayonet and the sword, those heroic relics of the days when the ranks of foemen advanced to look into one another's eyes before firing, or waited for the inspiring roll of the drum to urge them to battle.

The drum will soon sound its own requiem. With muffled snares and arms reversed, let us sadly and sorrowfully follow it to the grave, where with bended knee we reverently lay upon it the laurel wreath of fame. The last volley rings out its farewell tribute, and the bugle sounds the soldiers' last "good-night!"

From "The Last of the Drums." By Con Mar-
ratt Perkins, U. S. M. C.

From *The Atlantic Monthly*.
THE UNIVERSITY PROBLEM IN AMERICA

When we turn from Oxford and Jowett to the university problem in America, our first impression, maybe, is of the total dissimilarity of conditions, and of the hopelessness of deriving any lessons from English experience. Yet the American reader of Jowett's biography will be singularly irresponsible if it does not prompt some consideration of the functions of the university in this country. In what I have left to say, I shall confine myself to Harvard, with which alone, among American universities, I have any intimate acquaintance.

The peculiarity in the position of Harvard is that while the professorial ideal has definitely triumphed among the teaching body, the tutorial ideal is still cherished by the "constituency." Most of the professors care first of all for the advancement of science and scholarship; they prefer lectures to large audiences to the catechetical instruction of multiplied "sections," and they would leave students free to attend lectures or neglect them, at their own peril; they would pick out the abler men, and initiate them into the processes of investigation in small "research courses" or "seminaries;" and, to be perfectly frank, they are not greatly interested in the ordinary undergraduate. On the other hand, the university constituency—represented, as I am told, by the overseers—insists that the ordinary undergraduate shall be "looked after;" that he shall not be allowed to "waste his time;" that he shall be "pulled up" by frequent examinations, and forced to do a certain minimum of work, whether he wants to or not. The result of this pressure has been the establishment of an elaborate machinery of periodical examination, the carrying on of a vaster book-keeping for the registration of attendance and of grades than was ever before seen at any university, and the appointment of a legion of junior instructors and assistants, to whom is assigned the drudgery of reading examination-books and conducting "conferences."

So far as the professors are concerned, the arrangement is as favorable as can reasonably be expected. Of course they are all bound to lecture, and to lecture several times a week; they exercise a general supervision over the labors of their assistants; they guide the studies of advanced students; they conduct the examinations for honors and for higher degrees; they carry on a ceaseless correspondence; and each of them sits upon a couple of committees. But they are not absolutely compelled to undertake much drudging work in the way of instruction, and if they are careful of their time they can manage to find leisure for their own researches. As soon as "a course" gets large, a benevolent corporation will provide an assistant. The day is past when they were obliged, in the phrase of Lowell, "to double the parts of professor and tutor."

But the soil of America is not as propitious as one could wish to the plant of academic leisure. It is a bustling atmosphere; and a professor needs some strength of mind to resist the temptation to be everlastingly "doing" something obvious. The sacred reserves of time and energy need to be jealously guarded; and there is more than one direction from which they are threatened. University administration occupies what would seem an unduly large number of men and an unduly large amount of time; it is worth while considering whether more executive authority should not be given to the deans. Then there is the never ending stream of legislation, or rather, of legislative discussion. I must confess that when I have listened, week after week, to faculty debates, the phrase of Mark Pattison about Oxford has sometimes rung in my ears: "the tone as of a lively municipal borough." It would be unjust to apply it; for, after all, the measures under debate have been of far-reaching importance. Yet if any means could be devised to hasten the progress of business, it would be a welcome saving of time. Still another danger is the pecuniary temptation—hardly resistible by weak human nature—to repeat college lectures to the women students of

Radcliffe. That some amount of repetition will do no harm to teachers of certain temperaments and in certain subjects may well be allowed, but that it is sometimes likely to exhaust the nervous energy which might better be devoted to other things can hardly be denied. The present Radcliffe system, to be sure, is but a makeshift, and an unsatisfactory one.

The instructors and assistants, on their part, have little to grumble at, if they, in their turn, are wise in the use of their time. It is with them, usually, but a few years of drudgery, on the way to higher positions in Harvard or elsewhere; and it is well that a man should bear the yoke in his youth. Let him remember that his promotion will depend largely upon his showing the ability to do independent work; let him take care not to be so absorbed in the duties of his temporary position as to fail to produce some little bit of scholarly or scientific achievement for himself. I have occasionally thought that the university accepts the labors of men in the lower grades of the service with a rather step-motherly disregard for their futures.

From "Jowett and the University Ideal." By
W. J. Ashley.

From Scribner's Magazine.
GREENCASTLE JENNY.

A BALLAD OF 'SIXTY-THREE.

Oh, Greencastle streets where a stream of steel
With the slanted muskets the soldiers bore,
And the scared earth muttered and shook to feel
The tramp and the rumble of Long-street's Corps;
The bands were blaring "The Bonny Blue Flag,"
And the banners borne were a motley many;
And watching the grey column wind and drag
Was a slip of a girl—we'll call her Jenny.
A slip of a girl—what need her name?—
With her cheeks aflame and her lips aquiver,

As she leaned and looked with a loyal shame

At the steady flow of the steely river:
Till a storm grew black in the hazel eyes
Time had not tamed, nor a lover sighed for;

And she ran and she girded her, apron-wise,
With the flag she loved and her brothers died for.

Out of the doorway they saw her start
(Pickett's Virginians were marching through),

The hot little foolish hero-heart
Armored with stars and the sacred blue.
Clutching the folds of red and white
Stood she and bearded those ranks of theirs,

Shouting shrilly with all her might,
"Come and take it, the man that dares!"

Pickett's Virginians were passing through;
Supple as steel and brown as leather,
Rusty and dusty of hat and shoe,

Wanted to hunger and war and weather;
Peerless, fearless, an army's flower!
Stern soldiers the world saw never,
Marching lightly, that summer hour,
To death and failure and fame forever.

Rose from the rippling ranks a cheer;
Pickett saluted, with bold eyes beaming,
Sweeping his hat like a cavalier,
With his tawny locks in the warm wind streaming.

Pierce little Jenny! her courage fell,
As the firm lines flickered with friendly laughter,

And Greencastle streets gave back the yell
That Gettysburg slopes gave back soon after.

So they cheered for the flag they fought
With the generous glow of the stubborn fighter,

Loving the brave as the brave man ought,
And never a finger was raised to fright her;

So they marched, though they knew it not,
Through the fresh green June to the shock infernal,
To the hell of the shell and the plunging shot,

And the charge that has won them a name eternal.

And she left at last, as she hid her face,
There had lain at the root of her childish daring

A trust in the men of her own brave race,
And a secret faith in the foe's forbearing.

And she sobbed, till the roll of the rumbling gun
 And the swinging tramp of the marching men
 Were a memory only, and the day was done,
 And the stars in the fold of the blue again.

*(Thank God that the day of the sword is done,
 And the stars in the fold of the blue again!)*

HELEN GRAY CONE.

From Lippincott's Magazine.
 CHILDISH TERRORS.

A child rarely, if ever, speaks of its fantastic fears. We must fall back upon our own memories if we would study this aspect of the childish mind. And so, encouraged by the example of the good ladies in "Cranford," who whisperingly confessed, the one a secret horror of Eyes, the other a life-long dread of being caught by her "last leg" as she got into bed, I recount some of the vividly remembered terrors under which I myself once trembled in silence. For, I repeat, the child does not speak of these things, which to his own soberer judgment seem unreasonable and even preposterous.

Once, as a very little child, I was for some reason alone in a wide treeless place in the country. I suppose I was in reality not far from the house, but there seemed to me an endless expanse around. As I looked about me I suddenly became conscious of the overpowering immensity of the sky and its awful unbroken blueness. A crushing horror and dread seemed to pin me to the ground. I stood, a shuddering mite of a girl, alone under that stupendous weight of blue, feeling that it might descend and swallow me up. I have forgotten everything but that,—how I came there, how I got away; but I know now the precise shade of the terrible intense blue that seemed to be engulfing me.

I should mention that I was a city

child—and unused to an unobstructed view of the heavens.

Standing out as distinctly in my memory as the day on which I first became vividly conscious of the sky is another day when, whether for the first time or not I do not know, another form of fear seized upon me.

I was a little older then, I think, but how old I do not remember.

I was in an unused up-stairs room in my own home, sitting upon the floor and sailing a little paper boat in a basin. In the water I had put scraps of paper of various shapes and sizes to represent sea-monsters. I had amused myself, for a long time, blowing the boat about and pretending that the passengers were afraid of the whales and sea-serpents, when suddenly it went down,—why, I could not explain. It seemed to me that it was "coming true,"—the sea, the ship, the sea-monsters; that I might be overpowered by the horror-haunted waters then and there; and I fled panic-stricken.

I think there must have been in my mind a half-belief that there was a latent life in all inanimate things. I know I had a general dread of things "coming to life" or turning to other things.

Springing, I think, from the same attitude of mind toward the inanimate world was a rooted dread which I had that some day when I was alone with a rocking-chair it should all at once begin to rock. This, I early decided, I positively could not stand.

None of these terrors, it may be remarked, had to do primarily with my personal safety. It was horror rather than fear which possessed me in contemplating these imaginary lapses of the laws of nature. Even a fancy which haunted me that some day my bath-tub might suddenly turn into a narrow, infinitely deep dependency of the ocean is hardly an exception. The dreadfulness of the mere idea of a bottomless pit of dark water with sea-serpents in it opening in one's floor outweighed all personal considerations.

From "The Fantastic Terrors of Childhood." By Annie Steger Winston.

From Harper's Magazine.
THE REPUBLIC OR NOTHING.

No one really doubts the adequacy of the republic to any imaginable emergency; or if there is here and there one whose heart misgives him, he has nothing to suggest in place of it. In a completer sense than we always realize, it is the republic or nothing for us. In the same completer sense, there is no past for us; there is only a future. Something that is still untried may serve our turn, but nothing that has been tried and failed will serve our turn. If we think, what for us is almost unthinkable, the end of the republic, we think chaos. Our minds cannot conceive of the rise of the nation from such a downfall in any prosperous shape of oligarchy or monarchy; we can only grope in the unexplored regions beyond the republic for some yet more vital democracy, or equality, or fraternity, to save us from the ruin into which our own recreancy may have plunged us.

Love of the republic with us is something like royalty in the subjects of a king, but it is loyalty to the ideal of humanity, not to some man, self-elected prince in the past, and perpetuated in his descendants through the abeyance of common sense. It is not the effect of any such affirmation as loyalty is constantly making; it is the result of that wary and calculated assent by which alone republics can exist. We may not think the republic is the best thing that can ever be, but we feel that it is the best we can have for the present; and that anything better must be something more rather than something less of it.

We see that the republic measurably exists wherever any sort of popular check is put upon the will of the ruler; and we think it more becoming reasonable men to choose their prince than to let his ancestors choose him; we regard an election, grotesque and vulgar and imperfect though the process often is, as a civic event; and we regard a partition, though surrounded by all the dignity of state, as a domestic event, not logically of political significance, and comparatively inadequate as an ex-

pression of the popular will in the choice of a prince. Our opinion and our usage in this matter are what mainly distinguish us from such monarchical republics as England, Italy, Sweden, Belgium, and Holland; and with all our diffidence we cannot help thinking that, as compared with ours, their way of choosing a ruler is of the quality of comic opera, though, in its order, we look upon the birth of a fellow-being as a most serious and respectable incident. Where the republic does not exist at all, as in China and Russia and Turkey, or as in Germany, where it exists so feebly and passively that any violent impulse of the prince may annul it, we find indefinitely greater cause for satisfaction with our own democratic republic. So far as the peoples of these countries acquiesce in their several despotisms, they appear to us immature; so far as the English, Italians, Swedes, Dutch, and Belgians limit their respective republics by the birth-choice of a prince, they seem to us not fully responsive to the different sorts of revolutions which called their republics, like our own, into being. Even the elective French republic, where the outlawed titles of nobility are still permitted social currency, strikes us as retarded in its fulfilment of the democratic destiny. But we make excuses for France, as we do for England, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, and Holland, though we cannot help seeing our own advantage in these respects over republics which are each in some things freer than our own.

We believe that the republic as we have it is, upon the whole, the best form of government in the world; but we no longer deny that other peoples have the republic because they have hereditary princes. We believe that the republic as we have it, and the yet more fully developed republic as we shall have it, is the destined form of government for all nations, but we are no longer eager to thrust our happiness upon them; and we do not expect them at once to prefer our happiness when it is quite within their reach. We perceive that in none of these free states called kingdoms is the divine right of kings recog-

nized, and if in the freest of them the form without the fact of recognition is still kept up, if the queen's ministers go down upon their knees to her in assuming the powers of government which she cannot really bestow, and can never exercise, and can scarcely influence, still we see that it is merely a form. It is a droll anomaly which we are rid of, and the spectacle of it in a monarchical republic might perhaps foster an inordinate pride in us, if the democratic republic, as we have it, were not so essentially unflattering.

From "The Modern American Mood." By William Dean Howells.

From The Review of Reviews.
SUBURBAN HOMES FOR WAGE EARNERS.

The City and Suburban Homes Company aims to invest its resources for the benefit of those who are relatively in the least favorable position to help themselves. I do not mean men who have a hard time to get along as tenants, because it would be a mistake to encourage such persons to incur obligations they would almost certainly be unable to perform. But mechanics, letter-carriers, policemen, firemen, clerks, bookkeepers, in fact that great body of persons earning from, let us say, \$800 to \$1,500 a year—these are the ones whose patronage is chiefly sought. The avenue frontages being more desirable, and purchasers there being obliged to take at least two lots, it is probable that residents thereon will be a little better off. Indeed, the company would be glad to build for any one who wanted a very desirable residence on Seventeenth avenue, and give them the same advantage of saving in point of cost that it would to its other clients, but in such cases it would expect immediate cash payment.

The process of securing a suburban home begins with inquiries at the office, when the general plan is outlined. Then if the party desires to purchase he signs an application, setting forth his name, nationality, size of his family, amount of his earnings, character and

cost of the property desired, the sum he can afford to pay monthly and his references. The family's record is looked into, and if there is nothing against it and the applicant seems likely to be a desirable patron, the application is approved and placed on file. When one hundred such applications have been approved, the parties are notified to select lots and choose house plans, and undergo an examination for life insurance. The applicant is given a close estimate of the cost of his property when completed, and if he is accepted by the life insurance company, he then signs a provisional contract and deposits ten per cent. of the purchase price in cash or presents a surety for that amount. Among a number of applicants, the preference is always given to those who have the ten per cent. in cash. This preliminary payment or guarantee is required in order to make purchasers feel that they have a sufficient interest at stake to cause them to continue their contracts. If no preliminary payments were required, it would doubtless be difficult to guard against a class of people who would be glad to get such homes in the springtime, live in them during the summer, and depart with the snows of winter, leaving behind a house which would have to be put in order before a new purchaser would take it. Where a surety is accepted, the first sums paid in are counted on the ten per cent. of the purchase price, and whenever that proportion is reached the bond is discharged. A guarantor does not, therefore, undertake anything very onerous. In reality, he runs very little risk, for few men will enter upon a contract of this kind without meaning to continue. An enlightened employer ought to encourage an employee to buy a home from the company and offer to guarantee the ten per cent. in whole or in part. Common experience teaches that it is economically advantageous to keep such men. They are more faithful and assiduous in their duties. Indeed, it may be asserted that any man is made better by purchasing a home or taking out life insurance for the benefit of his family. What shall we say of the ef-

fects of an arrangement which combines the two?

The City and Suburban Homes Company insists on life insurance as a cardinal feature of its operations. In the first place, no man ought to undertake the purchase of a home or an obligation to pay a large amount of money without assuring his family in the event of his death in the interim. This principle has particular force in the case before us, because the purchaser has so little real capital and must depend upon his monthly earnings to carry out the bargain. Now, if he dies the family is placed in a very unfortunate position. Probably it will not be able to complete the transaction. Therefore, for the sake of the family, as well as for the company's protection, it is wise to insist on a life insurance policy taken out at the time when the original contract is entered into, and covering the purchase price.

As soon as one hundred houses are ordered, a contract is made for their erection. In this way important economies are effected. The company in buying a large tract of land and building at wholesale saves very considerable sums. After a fair allowance for expenses of management the entire saving reverts to the purchaser. The company's profit consists in six per cent. interest on deferred payments. Five per cent. of this is distributed to stockholders and one per cent. is carried over to surplus. Residence in a desirable neighborhood, durable construction and the offer of such favorable terms combine to make the scheme exceedingly popular. There is an immense constituency in Greater New York who are desirous of acquiring homes on a fair basis. The rare opportunities offered by the City and Suburban Homes Company, when once known, will attract large sums of capital to be invested through it for this purpose. Still, its aim will not be to secure a monopoly of business, but to fix a standard.

The company is perfectly secure. It builds upon order and has its clients' lives insured before the order is exe-

cuted. If one of them should die even before the house was completed, the face value of the policy would pay for the house, and the family would be provided for. All policies are assigned to the City and Suburban Homes Company, and in case of death later the sum owed would be deducted and the balance handed over to the estate.

The contract between the company and its clients stipulates a monthly payment during ten, fifteen or twenty years, at the choice of the purchaser. This sum includes an instalment on account of principal, six per cent. interest on deferred payments, and the life insurance premium. Taxes and repairs are paid by the purchaser. Clients are advised to obligate themselves for a twenty-year period rather than ten or fifteen, because in so doing they are the better able to provide against contingencies arising from non-employment, sickness or other unexpected events. That is, a man need not mortgage his income beyond a safe point. The company gives him the privilege of paying sooner if he wishes. Either the whole or a part of his indebtedness is receivable at any time, and his interest account properly adjusted. This plan permits a man to provide for "lean" years. There is also the encouragement to save, and thus get the home more quickly. Both are important considerations, because habits of thrift thus engendered are likely to become fixed. Payments made in advance are a most effective guarantee against dispossession. The life insurance policy has also a loan value in any year after the third. Purchasers of suburban homes under this scheme are in every respect most favorably placed as regards crises, sickness and other ordinary economic misfortune.

From "Homewood, a Model Suburban Settlement." By Dr. E. R. L. Gould.

From The Arena.
THE ORIGIN OF WALL STREET.

The twenty-seven respectable citizens of New York who, in 1792, met under a

buttonwood tree in front of the premises now known as Number 60 Wall Street, and formed an association for the purchase and sale of public stocks at a fixed and unvarying commission, with a proviso of mutual help and preference, committed themselves to an enterprise of whose moment and influence in the future they could have formed no adequate conception. At that date Wall Street was a banking district, small indeed when compared with its present condition, but important in its relations to the commerce of the nation. This transaction of the twenty-seven—among whom we find the honored names of Barclay, Bleecker, Winthrop, Lawrence, which in themselves and their descendants were, and are, creditably identified with the growth of the community—added the prestige and power of the stock exchange to those of the banks, and fixed for an indefinitely long period the destinies of the financial centre of the Union.

During the earlier part of this century the banking interests of Wall Street quite overshadowed those of the stock market. The growth of railway securities was not fairly under way until the opening of the fifth decade. Elderly men can recall the date when the New York Central existed only as a series of connecting links between Buffalo and Albany, under half-a-dozen different names of incorporation; and passenger cars were slowly and laboriously hoisted by chain power over the "divide" between the latter city and Schenectady. Since there were but few railways in the entire country, there were few opportunities for speculative dealings in their shares. These shares, too, were as a rule locally held, and were more frequently transferred by executors under court orders than by brokers on the stock exchange.

Prior to 1840 and 1845, however, the members of the stock exchange were not idle. Public stocks were largely dealt in. The United States government frequently issued bonds, and the prices of these bonds fluctuated suffi-

ciently to afford tempting chances of profits. State bonds also were sold in Wall Street in larger amounts than to-day. About the year 1850 the sales of Missouri sixes and Ohio sixes frequently amounted to millions of dollars daily. During that uncertain epoch of finance when the United States Bank was both a financial and a political power, the shares of that institution were a favorite subject of speculative dealing. The shares of Delaware & Hudson, and of the original Erie Railway, the latter laboriously constructed over a rough, barren, and thinly settled portion of the State, partly by State funds, had also become actively exchangeable in the market.

During this period a relatively enormous quantity of banking capital had located itself in and near Wall Street. The Bank of New York existed before 1800, and later, although not long after, the Street witnessed the erection of buildings of a now obsolete, and yet at that time an attractive, style of architecture, devoted to the uses of the Manhattan Banking Company, the Bank of America, the Merchants, the Union, the Bank of Commerce, and others. Were it not that land in the banking district is so valuable, and that the need of upstairs offices is so great, one might be tempted to regret the demolition of the graceful money temples occupied by three of these corporations on the north side of Wall Street. In each of them the entablature rested upon two fluted stone pillars with Doric capitals, in addition to the supports of the side walls. Between the steps and the doors of the temple extended a marble-paved court which often served as a convenient place of 'change for borrowers and lenders. Entering the doors you found yourself in a large, airy, dome-lighted room, the sides of which were occupied by the clerks of the institution, guarded by high barricades from the intrusive eyes and feet of the general public. At the rear were the offices of the president and cashier. Throughout the entire building there reigned a solemn and semi-religious silence. One may witness something like this to-day in the

Wall-Street end of the U. S. Treasury Building, and only there.

Up to the epoch of the rise of railway building and railway-share speculation, the main aliment of Wall-Street banks was the profit derived from the discount of commercial paper and from loans upon government and State securities. But when railway shares and bonds, based upon lines of road which were constructed through the rich regions of the Union lying between the Atlantic and the Mississippi River, came upon the market in large amounts, affording ample security for investment and loans, the great banks of Wall Street were quick to appreciate the advantages of loans made upon such undoubted values, which were at all times convertible into cash on the stock exchange. In times of pressure, commercial paper is an inferior asset for a bank, all of whose obligations are payable on demand. At such times notes became practically unsalable, and are not always paid at maturity. A failure of one firm brings down others, and renewals are urgently required from banks just when they are least able to grant them. Salable securities are on such occasions an ark of safety, and, dating from the early fifties, this class of securities has always been the basis of a large amount of the loans of the banks of Wall Street and their near neighbors of the same class in lower Nassau Street and also Broadway.

With the immense outgrowth of business consequent upon the discovery of gold in California in 1849, and the construction of the great railways of the Middle West, such as the Michigan Southern, the Northern Indiana (now the Lake Shore, the Michigan Central, the Galena & Chicago, the Rock Island, and others of like importance and real value, the banks and banking houses of Wall Street, and the stock exchange, grew into most important factors in developing the prosperity of the country. Enterprises were originated by able men acting under corporate powers, and when these were brought before the committees of the stock exchange and duly approved and listed, capital

instantly flowed forth from its reservoirs in answer to the securities thus offered. And it may safely be said that but for the combined machinery of the New York banks and the stock exchange the actual developments of twenty years would have dragged laboriously through an entire century.

Amid so much progress and activity, speculation was not idle. Those were the days of many of our greatest railway operators, daring, able, enthusiastic men, who had the rare gift of imparting confidence to their followers and the public, and realized the fable of King Midas, whose touch transmuted all things into gold. Their careers were those of conquest and accumulation, like that of Napoleon; and, like him, they underwent, with few exceptions, their retreats from Russia and their Waterloos. Of such were Jacob Little, Daniel Drew, Anthony Morse, and others, to whom now the motto of Junius applies: *Stat nominis umbra*. Merely the shadows of their names reach over to us from the horizons where their suns set so long ago.

From "Wall Street: Past, Present and Future."

By Henry Clews.

From The Popular Science Monthly.
SOME CAUSES OF SUICIDE.

The sad fact that suicide and education increase at an equal rate is now generally admitted. Civilization does not free humanity from grief, disgrace, and disappointment; but wherever civilization is highest the struggle for existence is fiercest, life is most artificial, and there the most failures of the human race are met with. There was a time in Roman history when suicide was almost epidemic. It was when the great republic had reached its acme of civilization—when poetry, art, and eloquence were triumphant. It is probable that the proportion of suicides due to mental derangement is increasing, but how rapidly can never be exactly determined. Morselli says that about

one-third of all suicides may be attributed to insanity.

Many people, however, anxious to stamp the act with reprobation, declare that every suicide is insane. This is wrong. While those who bring about their self-destruction may have acted wrongly or unwisely, we have not the right to declare them all insane. It is true that many persons brood over their troubles until everything loses proportion, their minds become unbalanced, and in such a state they kill themselves. In such cases the act may be correctly attributed to insanity. But what are we to say of those who are to all appearance rational and yet are the victims of sudden or growing impulses? Such people are not voluntary agents, and yet they cannot be called insane. They are abnormal. There is a fatal defect in their organization which is incompatible with their survival under natural conditions. This defect may give rise to sudden impulses or may cause a growing gradual propensity which terminate in the final tragedy. Instantaneous impulses are often brought about by the slightest circumstances. Thus, gazing steadily at the wheels of an approaching train or looking down from some great height may produce a delirium, a distention of the blood-vessels of the brain, that instantly paralyzes the will of the victim.

In the consideration of those propensities which are of gradual growth we are confronted with an extremely difficult problem. We know that a great many of those who ultimately destroy themselves fight for years against the impulse. How are we to account in such cases for the persistence of the tendency toward suicide, which seems to be a part of their nature, a part which draws them instinctively to death just as the normal creature is drawn to a desire to live? For such cases heredity may be in a great measure responsible. It is clear that hereditary influences may reveal their force in the suicidal impulses as in many other of the problems of life.

Whole families have been known to kill themselves. There are a great many human beings who by nature are predisposed to self-destruction, and only wait through life for a calamity sufficiently great to prompt them to the act. They are victims of their own faulty organizations.

Individual temperament may have a great deal to do with the question of suicide. In America the population is largely composed of the various European races, and although these are living under the same conditions, each nationality retains its own peculiar rate of suicide. Drink and crime are responsible for a large proportion of the daily self-murders. Drunkenness, the most active agent of degeneration known, is directly responsible for those which occur during a period of nervous depression following a debauch. Among the criminal classes suicide is quite common, but it is among the petty and not the grave offenders that it occurs. Poverty and disease are also strong incentives to self-destruction. Suicide is often regulated by the price of bread. Life has few pleasures for the homeless and friendless. Death to them is often a welcome friend, a happy relief from walking the streets hungry.

How many suicides are directly attributable to disease cannot be stated with exactness, but it may be said, nevertheless, that at the present time, with our advanced skill in surgery and medicine, suicide from disease is undoubtedly on the decrease. Of all suicides there are none to be pitied more than those who kill themselves to escape the racking pain of an incurable illness. For the victim of this sort there is no hope. Another class of suicides, which closely resemble those caused by disease, includes those due to infirmity. Often persons smitten with blindness, or who have met with some terrible accident, in a fit of discouragement kill themselves.

From "Suicide and the Environment." By Robert N. Reeves.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY BANK PARLOR.

(Mr. Edward Bellamy's latest volume, "Equality," is an expansion of the industrial theories and prophecies which found expression in his earlier book "Looking Backward." The framework of the former story is utilized as the starting-point of the new one; and the book describes in detail the conditions of life and industrial activity which Julian West found around him in the year 2000, in the Boston of that period, to which he had been mysteriously transferred from the Boston of the nineteenth century. The following chapter shows how banking operations were carried on in the millennial republic.)

The formalities at the bank proved to be very simple. Dr. Leete introduced me to the superintendent, and the rest followed as a matter of course, the whole process not taking three minutes. I was informed that the annual credit of the adult citizen for that year was \$4,000, and that the portion due me for the remainder of the year, it being the latter part of September, was \$1,075.41. Taking vouchers to the amount of \$300, I left the rest on deposit precisely as I should have done at one of the nineteenth-century banks in drawing money for present use. The transaction concluded, Mr. Chapin, the superintendent, invited me into his office.

"How does our banking system strike you as compared with that of your day?" he asked.

"It has one manifest advantage from the point of view of a penniless *revenant* like myself," I said—"namely, that one receives a credit without having made a deposit; otherwise I scarcely know enough of it to give an opinion."

"When you come to be more familiar with our banking methods," said the superintendent, "I think you will be struck with their similarity to your own. Of course, we have no money and nothing answering to money, but

the whole science of banking from its inception was preparing the way for the abolition of money. The only way, really, in which our system differs from yours is that every one starts the year with the same balance to his credit and that this credit is not transferable. As to requiring deposits before accounts are opened, we are necessarily quite as strict as your bankers were, only in our case the people, collectively, make the deposit for all at once. This collective deposit is made up of such provisions of different commodities and such installations for the various public services as are expected to be necessary. Prices or cost estimates are put on these commodities and services, and the aggregate sum of the prices being divided by the population gives the amount of the citizen's personal credit, which is simply his aliquot share of the commodities and services available for the year. No doubt, however, Dr. Leete has told you all about this."

"But I was not here to be included in the estimate of the year," I said. "I hope that my credit is not taken out of other people's."

"You need feel no concern," replied the superintendent. "While it is astonishing how variations in demand balance one another when great populations are concerned, yet it would be impossible to conduct so big a business as ours without large margins. It is the aim in the production of perishable things, and those in which fancy often changes, to keep as little ahead of the demand as possible, but in all the important staples such great surpluses are constantly carried that a two years' drought would not affect the price of non-perishable produce, while an unexpected addition of several millions to the population could be taken care of at any time without disturbance."

"Dr. Leete has told me," I said, "that any part of the credit not used by a citizen during the year is cancelled, not being good for the next year. I suppose that is to prevent the possibility

of hoarding, by which the equality of your economic condition might be undermined."

"It would have the effect to prevent such hoarding, certainly," said the superintendent, "but it is otherwise needful to simplify the national bookkeeping and prevent confusion. The annual credit is an order on a specific provision available during a certain year. For the next year a new calculation with somewhat different elements has to be made, and to make it the books must be balanced and all orders cancelled that have not been presented, so that we may know just where we stand."

"What, on the other hand, will happen if I run through my credit before the year is out?"

The superintendent smiled. "I have read," he said, "that the spendthrift evil was quite a serious one in your day. Our system has the advantage over yours that the most incorrigible spendthrift can not trench on his principal, which consists in his indivisible equal share in the capital of the nation. All he can at most do is to waste the annual dividend. Should you do this, I have no doubt your friends will take care of you, and if they do not you may be sure the nation will, for we have not the strong stomachs that enabled our forefathers to enjoy plenty with hungry people about them. The fact is, we are so squeamish that the knowledge that a single individual in the nation was in want would keep us all awake nights. If you insisted on being in need, you would have to hide away for the purpose."

"Have you any idea," I asked, "how much this credit of \$4,000 would have been equal to in purchasing power in 1887?"

"Somewhere about \$6,000 or \$7,000, I should say," replied Mr. Chapin. "In estimating the economic position of the citizen you must consider that a great variety of services and commodities are now supplied gratuitously on public account, which formerly individuals had to pay for, as, for example, water, light, music, news, the theatre and

opera, all sorts of postal and electrical communications, transportation, and other things too numerous to detail."

"Since you furnish so much on public or common account, why not furnish everything in that way? It would simplify matters, I should say."

"We think, on the contrary, that it would complicate the administration, and certainly it would not suit the people as well. You see, while we insist on equality we detest uniformity, and seek to provide free play to the greatest possible variety of tastes in our expenditure."

Thinking I might be interested in looking them over, the superintendent had brought into the office some of the books of the bank. Without having been at all expert in nineteenth-century bookkeeping, I was much impressed with the extreme simplicity of these accounts compared with any I had been familiar with. Speaking of this, I added that it impressed me the more, as I had received an impression that, great as were the superiorities of the national co-operative system over our way of doing business, it must involve a great increase in the amount of bookkeeping as compared with what was necessary under the old system. The superintendent and Dr. Leete looked at each other and smiled.

"Do you know, Mr. West," said the former, "it strikes us as very odd that you should have that idea? We estimate that under our system one accountant serves where dozens were needed in your day."

"But," said I, "the nation has now a separate account with or for every man, woman, and child in the country."

"Of course," replied the superintendent, "but did it not have the same in your day? How else could it have assessed and collected taxes or exacted a dozen other duties from citizens? For example, your tax system alone with its inquisitions, appraisements, machinery of collection and penalties was vastly more complex than the accounts in these books before you, which consist, as you see, in giving to every per-

son the same credit at the beginning of the year, and afterward simply recording the withdrawals without calculations of interest or other incidents whatever. In fact, Mr. West, so simple and invariable are the conditions that the accounts are kept automatically by a machine, the accountant merely playing on a keyboard."

"But I understand that every citizen has a record kept also of his services as the basis of grading and re-grading."

"Certainly, and a most minute one, with most careful guards against error or unfairness. But it is a record having none of the complications of one of your money or wages accounts for work done, but is rather like the simple honor records of your educational institutions by which the ranking of the students was determined."

"But the citizen also has relations with the public stores from which he supplies his needs?"

"Certainly, but not a relation of account. As your people would have said, all purchases are for cash only—that is, on the credit card."

"There remains," I persisted, "the accounting for goods and services between the stores and the productive departments and between the several departments."

"Certainly; but the whole system being under one head and all the parts working together with no friction, and no motive for any indirection, such accounting is child's work compared with the adjustment of dealings between the mutually suspicious private capitalists, who divided among themselves the field of business in your day, and sat up nights devising tricks to deceive, defeat, and overreach one another."

"But how about the elaborate statistics on which you base the calculations that guide production? There at least is need of a good deal of figuring."

"Your national and state governments," replied Mr. Chapin, "published annually great masses of similar statistics, which, while often very inaccu-

rate, must have cost far more trouble to accumulate, seeing that they involved an unwelcome inquisition into the affairs of private persons instead of a mere collection of reports from the books of different departments of one great business. Forecasts of probable consumption every manufacturer, merchant, and storekeeper had to make in your day and mistakes meant ruin. Nevertheless, he could but guess, because he had no sufficient data. Given the complete data that we have, and a forecast is as much increased in certainty as it is simplified in difficulty."

"Kindly spare me any further demonstration of the stupidity of my criticism."

"Dear me, Mr. West, there is no question of stupidity. A wholly new system of things always impresses the mind at first sight with an effect of complexity, although it may be found on examination to be simplicity itself. But please do not stop me just yet, for I have told you only one side of the matter. I have shown you how few and simple are the accounts we keep compared with those in corresponding relations kept by you; but the biggest part of the subject is the accounts you had to keep which we do not keep at all. Debit and credit are no longer known; interest, rents, profits, and all the calculations based on them no more have any place in human affairs. In your day everybody, besides his account with the state, was involved in a network of accounts with all about him. Even the humblest wage-earner was on the books of half-a-dozen tradesmen, while a man of substance might be down in scores or hundreds, and this without speaking of men not engaged in commerce. A fairly nimble dollar had to be set down so many times in so many places, as it went from hand to hand, that we calculate in about five years it must have cost itself in ink, paper, pens, and clerk hire, let alone fret and worry. All these forms of private and business accounts have now been done away with. Nobody owes anybody, or is owed by

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anybody, or has any contract with anybody, or any account of any sort with anybody, but is simply beholden to everybody for such kindly regard as his virtues may attract."

From "Equality" by Edward Bellamy. . Copy-right by D. Appleton & Co. Price \$1.25.

THE DISPARAGEMENT OF WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

Early in the seventeenth century we find the author of that immortal little classic, the "Religio Medici," out-Heroding Herod in his scorn of women. "The whole world," says Sir Thomas Brown, "was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman. Man is the whole world and the breath of God: woman the rib and crooked piece of man." And George Herbert, genuine saint, high-bred gentleman and enchanting poet, includes, about the same time in his "Jacula Prudentum" the disparaging aphorism: "Words are women: deeds are men:" a saying, by the way, which has many variants in different writers and countries.

Later in the century Otway makes one say in "The Orphan:"—

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betrayed the Capital? A woman!
Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten-years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

Pope's epigrammatic sneers are almost too hackneyed to bear quotation, but two of them may be recalled.

Men some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake.
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Gay in the "Beggar's Opera," runs him close.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind:
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.

"Love me!" says Don Ferdinand in Sheridan's "Duenna," "I don't believe she ever did . . . or is it that her sex never know their desires for an hour together?"

"Sir," remarked Dr. Johnson, with, as it seems to us to-day, a singular lapse of the penetrative insight characteristic of him, on hearing that Boswell had to "a meeting of the people called Quakers:" "a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." At another time the sage thus delivered himself in the presence of a company including several ladies: "A lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has threepence more: and, what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices: they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them: they are the slaves of order and fashion."

Among Byron's gibes, one only need be given from "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:"—

Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics.

And one from Moore:—

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear:
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But oh, 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind:
But like affection's dream
It leaves no sting behind.

Scott was not freer from the prevalent disease than other people. A chance dip into the first of his novels that came to hand,—*"Kenilworth"*—resulted in the almost instantaneous discovery of the subjoined passage. The speaker is Giles Gosling, the landlord of the Black Bear at Cumnor, a "good fellow," and a man of probity and integrity. "Be not so rash, good sir," he

admonishes Tressillian, "and cast not yourself away because a woman—to be brief—is a woman, and changes her lovers like her suit of ribands, with no better reason than mere fantasy."

Hurrying on to our own day, we are, of course, overwhelmed by the mass of material at our disposal. Let us glance at two novelists only out of the modern throng, not because they are offenders more than others, but from simple motives of convenience. Being a devoted admirer of what, for me, is perhaps the most delightful romance of our time, Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," the book is often in my hand and in my thoughts. Unhappily, it is disfigured throughout by what I can only call an incessant series of backhanded blows aimed at women—little parenthetical, perfectly good-humored hits, which, however, do not hurt the less that they are delivered with no more malice than could lurk in the composition of honest, true-hearted, gigantic John Ridd. Turning to my "Lorna Doone" for the purpose of this essay, I remarked to a friend that I had very little doubt of finding a passage appropriate for quotation on the very first page my eye chanced to light upon. When, entirely at haphazard, it did light on the middle of the first page of the thirtieth chapter, I could not but feel that my quarrel with a favorite author had received fresh and rather striking justification. Here is the passage in question:—

"'What are you doing here, Annie?' I enquired rather sternly . . . 'Nothing at all,' said our Annie shortly. And indeed it was truth enough for a woman."

A very few other examples must suffice.

"Right glad they were to see us again,—[two horses] not for the pleasure of carrying, but because a horse (like a woman) lacks, and is better without, self-reliance."

"It has always appeared to me that stern and downright honesty upon money matters is a thing not understood of women: be they as good as good can be."

"But women, who are (beyond all doubt) the mothers of all mischief, also nurse that babe to sleep, when he is too noisy."

"But when I told Lorna—whom I could trust in any matter of secrecy, as if she had never been a woman"—

"'I do not understand,' I said, falling back with bewilderment: 'all women are such liars.'"

Is it fanciful to suppose that the ever-recurring burden of scorn and dispraise of woman in this one book alone, however playful and paternally indulgent, may have had an appreciable effect in hindering her moral and spiritual progress? Mr. Blackmore's fascinating story, unsurpassed for poetry, purity, and quaint, romantic charm, has recently, I believe, gone into a forty-second edition. It has been calculated that it has had a circulation, in England alone, of about half-a-million copies, and when we add its American and colonial readers to its British ones, we are confronted with a goodly company indeed. Have no women and girls amongst them been pained and humiliated, damped in spirit and numbed in effort by its attitude toward their sex? Have no men and boys been strengthened by it in their contempt for women—at least in their mental aloofness from them, and inveterate habit of regarding them as a separate, if not inferior race?

Of this practice women themselves are not infrequently guilty. It is infectious; it is inevitable; it is one of the accepted conventions of the literary art. We all do it, or we all have done it. I have not the slightest doubt that in the times of my ignorance I did it myself. Taking up the last woman's book I have been reading, "Guenn," by Blanche Willis Howard, I find the following:—

"So madame, being granted wisdom beyond most of her sex, deplored the situation, but held her peace and went her way, never worrying or alienating Guenn with anxious advice."

Enough, I trust, has been said, to demonstrate the need for eradicating the habit—at least in so far as it has

really dwindled to a meaningless survival—of disparaging women in literature.

Where a writer's genuine belief is involved; where he has honestly convinced himself of the inferiority and ineptitude of half the human race, and records his opinion advisedly, the case is altered, and we should be able to respect his sincerity, while we deprecate his error. But even such a writer would do well to reflect that there are certain evils and misfortunes which are not soonest remedied by forever calling attention to them; just as, in the sick-room, we refrain from exhaustively discussing the patient's symptoms at the top of our voices, and do not risk further lowering of his vitality by the disheartening spectacle of our long faces and ominous head-shakes. Granting as much room for improvement as the veriest misogynist could insist upon, improvement in human character may always best be looked for where the spirits are sustained by the inspiration of others' faith in us, and the nerves exhilarated by an atmosphere of cheerfulness and hope.

I respect those persons of whom I have heard, who, in reading standard works, or for the matter of that, current literature, aloud in the family circle, are careful to omit all deprecatory references to the female sex, *as a sex*; regarding them as being demoralizing to boys and girls alike, and as little tolerable to-day as the oaths, the grossness, or the blasphemy of less enlightened ages. Such a practice might gain adherence among parents and teachers with infinite advantage to their charges; and many other methods of combating the evil will suggest themselves to those who appreciate its magnitude sufficiently to grapple with it seriously.

And if the writers of novels and of *belles lettres* generally, and the feeders of the great daily, weekly, and monthly torrent of printed matter that furnishes us with so much delight, diversion, and information, would gradually, as their eyes become opened,

break themselves of the conventional trick of decrying woman—*as woman*—a great forward step would surely be achieved in human happiness and welfare.

Think for a moment of the place in our affections and in our homes occupied by one prominent paper alone—our leading comic paper. And think how different would have been the view taken in English society at this moment of the woman of serious aims and high ideals, if she had ever for one instant been referred to in its pages otherwise than with derision. Its honorable traditions have been for generations so sane, so generous, so catholic, so humane, that the humblest creature, it might be thought, would not look in vain for justice at its hands. Alas! the woman who loves knowledge, who loves wisdom, who loves her kind, and desires to take her humble share in the universal effort of all good men, to leave the world a little better than they find it, is perhaps the only sentient being for whom it has no mercy, but only the most poignant shafts of its satire, the keenest edge of its ridicule. Let her be as gentle and womanly as she will (and if she is worth anything at all, she does will); let her be the light of her home, and the joy of the hearts nearest to her (if she is of the right temper, she will make it her primary aim to be both); let her be attractive, and sweet, and comely—nay, let her be beautiful—it is all one—in an organ which takes thought for the poor; which champions the down-trodden; which has always a tender word to spare for the sweated seamstress, a pitying one for the "horse o'er-driven" she sees herself mirrored as harsh and sour and prudish and physically repulsive—a gaunt, ill-dressed, sexless monster, *pour rire*. Here it is invariably our poor Sonya's ugly hat and unfashionable frock that are thrust into prominence, and never a glimpse do we catch of the soul in her eyes, or the hunger in her heart, or the power to add to the sun of human achievement in her brain. Is it vain to point out that such a handling

of the woman who has other interests than the study of fashion-plates and the interchange of "feline amenities" is anachronistic as well as unjust? Is it useless to entreat from a journal which is a power in our midst, as well as a perennial pleasure, a tardy recognition of the difference between the real, salutary woman-movement, and the froth and scum that gather on the crest of that steadily-advancing wave?

From "Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction, and Other Essays." By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. John Lane, Publisher.

ENGLISH TREATMENT OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

The debate on the release of the dynamiter prisoners in the House of Commons brought up once again, and directly, for public consideration two questions, at least, which had for a long time been discussed in the newspapers and on the platform, and by the public generally. The first question was, whether there ought to be a different system of treatment with regard to political offenders, and what we may call private offenders. The second question was, whether the whole system of prison discipline in these countries did not require some modification and some improvement. Now, with regard to the first question, as to whether political offenders ought to be treated on different conditions from private offenders, it seems to us that there can be no reasonable difference of opinion whatever, if men will but calmly think the subject over. Some of the greatest and noblest of Englishmen were put to death as political offenders. Some of the greatest and noblest of Englishmen were tortured before death as political offenders. Some of the Englishmen whose names are most revered and are most enshrined in the affection of England were tortured and put to death as political offenders. In modern times, it is quite certain that men otherwise of the most stainless charac-

ter have passed years of suffering because they strove for some political purpose which they sincerely believed to be genuine, honest, and beneficent.

In the debate on the address to which we have been referring an immense impression was undoubtedly created in all parts of the House of Commons by the speech of Mr. Michael Davitt. Mr. Michael Davitt was a man absolutely blameless in private character. As a London newspaper not committed to Irish ideas said of him, he was a man in whom the whole Irish race at home and abroad felt a just pride. He was in his youth concerned in the Fenian movement, and he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In the House of Commons he mentioned the fact that while he was in Portland Prison it had been part of his work to be harnessed daily to a cart, as if he were a mule or a horse, and to drag stones this way and that for hour after hour, and that he had to sleep in a cell which only barely allowed him room to lie down. His words told on the House of Commons, which, to do it justice, is one of the fairest political assemblies in the world, and in which no member of any party felt anything but respect for Mr. Davitt. The question then naturally arose, whether a man like Mr. Davitt ought to have been treated in that fashion; and, of course, with that doubt came the inquiry whether political offenders ought not to be treated on a different principle from the ordinary criminal offenders. No matter whether a man is right or wrong in his opinions, and in his way of carrying them into action, is there to be no difference made between the man who moves only on some personal and selfish purpose and passion, and the man who is moving only for a cause or a principle out of which he can obtain, and out of which he wants to obtain, no personal gain whatever? Is Lord William Russell, is Theobald Wolfe Tone, exactly on a level with Bill Sykes and Jack the Ripper, whoever that mysterious person may have been? An American once said to the writer of these vol-

umes, "I know nothing whatever of your Irish controversies with English governments, except the fact that the English governments put heavy sentences on Michael Davitt and John Boyle O'Reilly, two of the noblest creatures I have ever met; and that settles for me the whole question of your English government system in its dealings with Ireland." Of course we must all admit—every man in his senses is compelled to admit—that the government of any country is bound to defend its own existence. It cannot allow the most virtuous man or the most patriotic man to endeavor to overthrow it without taking strong measures to sustain it against overthrow. Therefore, as it seems to us, there is no reason that even an Irishman should complain against the fact that an English government, after sentence in a court of law, consigned, let us say, Mr. Michael Davitt to imprisonment. But then, was it really necessary that he should have been condemned to be yoked to a cart which dragged stones at Portland, and to sleep in a cell in which he hardly had room to lie down? Was he really to be confounded with the ordinary class of miscreants who murder their wives, and who use brutal violence to old men in order to rob them of their money? Can anybody on earth say that the greatness and the integrity of the empire are to be secured by means which confound a man like Theobald Wolfe Tone, or a man like John Mitchel, or a man like Michael Davitt, with Bill Sykes and Jack the Ripper? In the same House of Commons when the debate on the address was going on sat with Mr. Davitt Mr. James F. X. O'Brien, who in his youth had also been concerned in a Fenian insurrection, and who had been sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He had, in fact, the proud distinction of being the last man on whom such a sentence had been passed. The sentence, which of course was impossible to be carried out in our days, was commuted to penal servitude for life; and that sentence, too, was

commuted, on the ground that during an attack on a police barrack he had determinedly protected the lives of the few poor policemen who had to give in. Calumny itself could never say a word against his character, and he was allowed by amnesty to return to his own country, and he became a member of the House of Commons, and a member of whom the bitterest Conservative would not say a single word that was not a word of respect. The debate, therefore, on the address in the opening of the session of 1897 brought this question into a concentrated form: Is it right to class men of this character, and this purpose, and this kind, with Bill Sykes and Jack the Ripper? It has to be remembered that America—that is to say, the conquering Northern states, after their great civil war, put no one to death, or even prolonged the period of imprisonment, except for two or three who were actually convicted of assassination. The great leader of the Southern civil war was allowed, after a very short period of imprisonment, to go his way unharmed. Mr. Swinburne, the English poet, published at the time when the Manchester prisoners were under trial—the story is told already in these volumes—a poem in which he said:—

Lo! How fair from afar, taintless of
tyranny, stands,
Thy mighty daughter for years who
trod the winepress of war—
Shines with immaculate hands,
Slays not a foe, neither fears,
Stains not peace with a scar;

and he added, speaking of vindictive punishments:—

Neither is any land great whom in its
fear-stricken mood,
These things only can save.

Lord John Russell had pointed out in the House of Commons a great many years before, that no death and no torture inflicted on any political patriot or any political fanatic ever prevented some other man of the same mood and of the same purpose from following just the same course. No doubt it is a

difficult question to settle—that question as to the manner of dealing with political offenders. But to us, at least, it seems clear that there is nothing reasonable to be said for the hashing up in one system of Michael Davitt and Bill Sykes.

The criminal laws of England stand in immense need of emendation. They press with terrible force on one class of offences, and they deal very lightly with another class. The rights of property are maintained even still with a ferocious vigor, and a poor man or a woman stealing a loaf of bread is punished with what might be called in proportion an extraordinary severity. On the other hand, we read every day in the papers of a drunken scoundrel who has kicked his wife almost to death getting off with something like six months' imprisonment. The whole general system needs a parliamentary review; but, unfortunately, Parliament is busied mostly with foreign affairs, and gives itself little time to look into the concerns of the inhabitants of these islands. When we get time enough—if we ever do—to think of domestic affairs, we may come to form and act upon some definite opinion as to the scale of punishment for offences against property and offences against life, and likewise to arrange for some difference being made between the treatment of a high-minded and virtuous man who starts a rebellious movement against the existing authorities, and a man who amuses himself after the fashion of Jack the Ripper. The second question which came up concerned the general dealings of the authorities in the English prisons. To that we have already made some reference. The English prison system is beyond all question—and we are not now speaking of the relative guilt of the offenders—much more severe than that of the United States. In the American Republic there is every chance given to the convicted criminal to reform and become a better man. An English visitor to one of the State prisons in the American Republic is sometimes amazed at the sort of ad-

vantages placed within the reach of the convict.

In some of the State prisons in America there is, no doubt, a stern severity in dealing with serious breaches of discipline or with attempts at escape or mutiny. In many of these prisons measures of punishment for such offences are allowed which would not be endured by public opinion in England. But, on the other hand, the ordinary life of a prisoner is in most of these States made much more endurable than the ordinary life of a prisoner in England. The idea in the United States is to give the imprisoned man or woman a fair chance of becoming reformed, and returning to society a better citizen. Of course it may be said, and it is said here every day, that we must not make prison life an agreeable experience for criminal offenders, and that if a man ought to be punished he ought to be punished, and there an end. That argument, of course, however it may be expressed, is an argument pure and simple for the principle of torture. The man has done wrong; he ought to be sent to prison; he is sent to prison; his life ought to be made miserable for him in prison, in order that when he comes out of prison he may take care not to go into prison again. As a matter of fact, it is quite certain that in no country in the world is there created a regular jail-bird class as much as in Great Britain. Men and women pass their whole lives in getting into prison and getting out of it. Some of the restrictions imposed in the Irish prisons were positively grotesque, and especially grotesque when they applied to political offenders. A short-sighted man was not allowed to wear spectacles; a man with a severe cold in his head was not allowed the use of a pocket-handkerchief, lest perchance he should make use of it as a rope and hang himself; and this in the case of men whose lives, as soon as they came out of prison, would be comfortable, happy, and even honored. But to return to the mere question of the common criminal, it is greatly to be doubted whether the severity of our

prison system in these countries tends
in the least to make him a better man.

From "History of Our Own Times: From 1880 to
the Diamond Jubilee." By Justin McCarthy,
M. P. Copyright by Harper and Brothers.
Price \$1.50.

SOME RECENT VERSE.

JULY FUGITIVE.

Can you tell me where has hid her
Pretty Maid July?
I would swear one day ago
She passed by,
I would swear that I do know
The true bliss of her eye:
"Tarry, maid, maid," I bid her:
But she hastened by:
Do you know where she has hid her?
Maid July?

Yet in truth it needs must be
The flight of her is old:
Yet in truth it needs must be,
For her nest, the earth, is cold.
No more in the pooléd Even
Wade her rosy feet,
Down-flakes no more plash from them
To poppies 'mid the wheat.

She has muddled the day's oozes
With her petulant feet:
Scared the clouds that floated,
As sea-birds they were,
Slow on the coerule
Lulls of the air,
Lulled on the luminous
Levels of air:
She has chidden in a pet
All her stars from her:

Now they wander loose and sigh
Through the turbid blue,
Now they wander, weep, and cry—
Yea, and I too—
"Where are you, sweet July,
Where are you?"

Who hath beheld her footprints,
Or the pathway she goes?
Tell me, wind, tell me, wheat,
Which of you knows?
Sleeps she swathed in the flushed Arctic
Night of the rose?

Or lie her limbs like Alp-glow
On the lily's snows?
Gales, that are all-visitant,
Find the runaway:
And for him who findeth her
(I do charge you say)
I will throw largesse of broom
Of this summer's mintage,
I will broach a honey-bag
Of the bee's best vintage.
Breezes, wheat, flowers sweet,
None of them knows!
How then shall we lure her back
From the way she goes?
For it were a shameful thing,
Saw we not this comer
Ere autumn came upon the fields
Red with rout of summer.

When the bird quits the cage,
We set the cage outside,
With seed and with water,
And the door wide,
Haply we may win it so
Back to abide.
Hang her cage of earth out
O'er Heaven's sunward wall,
Its four gates open, winds in watch
By reined cars at all:
Belume in hanging hedgerows
The rain-quenched blossom,
And roses sob their tears out
(On the gale's warm heaving bosom:

Shake the lilies till their scent
Over-drip their rims:
That our runaway may see
We do know her whims:
Sleek the tumbled waters out
For her travelled limbs:
Strew and smooth blue night thereon,
There will—O not doubt her!—
The lovely sleepy lady lie,
With all her stars about her!

From "New Poems." By Francis Thompson.
Copeland and Day, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

MIDSUMMER.

Dawn-tide growing, rose-light sowing,
Heaven showing bloom and sheen,
With the summer morning breaking
Silver soft and all serene,
Oh, the still delight of waking,
When the grass is in the mowing
And the leaf is green!

Dark kine lowing, slow mists throwing
In their going, half unseen,
Where the thatch is shine and shadow
Oh, below the sail to lean,
Barges dropping down the meadow,
When the grass is in the mowing
And the leaf is green!

Waters flowing, sunshine glowing,
Breezes blowing in between,
Every spray a blossom giving,
Every dewdrop Hippocrene,
Oh, the loveliness of living
When the grass is in the mowing
And the leaf is green.

From "In Titian's Garden." By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Copeland & Day, Publishers. Price \$1.25.

THE OLD SPINET.

It is slim and trim and spare,
Like the slender Lady Claire
In the gowns they used to wear,
Long ago:

And it stands there in the gloom
Of the gabled attic room,
Like a ghost whose vacant tomb
None may know.

I can see the lady's hands,
White as lilies, as she stands
Strumming fragments of Durand's
On the keys:

And I hear the thin, sweet strain
Of the Plymouth hymns again,
Like the sobs of windless rain
In the trees.

She would play the minuet
For the stately-stepping set,
While the ardent dancers met,
Hands and hearts:

Did the old-time spinet care,
If Dan Cupid unaware
Pricked the breasts of brave and fair
With his darts?

Now the spiders with their floss
Up and down the keyboard cross,
And the strings are dull as dross,
Once so bright.

No one cares to touch the keys,—
Stain'd old yellow ivories,—
Save the ghosts some dreamer sees
In the night.

From "The Heart of Life." By James Buckham. Copeland and Day, Publishers.

MOTHER ENGLAND.

I.

There was a rover from a western shore,
England! whose eyes the sudden tears did
drown,

Beholding the white cliff and sunny down
Of thy good realm, beyond the sea's
uproar.

I, for a moment, dreamed that, long
before,

I had beheld them thus, when, with the
frown

Of sovereignty, the victor's palm and
crown

Thou from the tilting-field of nations
bore.

Thy prowess and thy glory dazzled first:
But when in fields I saw the tender flame
Of primroses, and full-fleeced lambs at
play,

Meseemed I at thy breast, like these, was
nursed:

Then mother—Mother England! home I
came,

Like one who hath been all too long away.

II.

As nestling at thy feet in peace I lay.

A thought awoke and restless stirred in
me:

"My land and congeners are beyond the
sea,

Theirs is the morning and the evening
day.

Wilt thou give ear while this of them I
say:

'Haughty art thou, and they are bold and
free,

As well befits who have descent from thee,
And who have trodden brave the forlorn
way.

Children of thine, but grown to strong
estate:

Nor scorn from thee would they be slow
to pay,

Nor check from thee submissly would
they bear:

Yet, Mother England! yet their hearts are
great,

And if for thee should dawn some darkest
day,

At cry of thine, how proudly would they
dare!"

From "A Winter Swallow." By Edith M. Thomas. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Arnold of Rugby; His School Life, etc. Cambridge University Press.
- Audrey Craven. By May Sinclair. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers.
- Black Watch, The. The Record of an Historic Regiment. By Archibald Forbes, LL.D. Cassell & Co., Publishers.
- Bon-Mots of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Walter Jerrold. J. M. Dent & Co., Publishers.
- Confessions of a Collector, The. By William Carew Hazlitt. Ward & Downey, Publishers.
- Eastern Crisis and British Policy, The. By G. H. Perris. Chapman & Hall, Publishers.
- English Stage, The. Being an Account of the Victorian Drama by Augustin Filon. Translated from the French by Frederic Whyte. John Milne, Publisher.
- Equality. By Edward Bellamy. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Fountain Sealed, A. By Sir Walter Besant. Chatto & Windus, Publishers.
- Garden, Orchard and Spinney, In. By Phil Robinson. Isbister, Publisher.
- Hero of the Dark Continent, A. By W. Henry Rankine, B.D. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers.
- History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century, A. By John Theodore Merz. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers.
- History of Intellectual Development, on the Lines of Modern Evolution. By J. B. Crozier. Vol. I. Longmans & Co., Publishers.
- History of Our Own Times; From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By Justin McCarthy. Harper Bros., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Impressions of Turkey. By Prof. W. M. Ramsay. Hodder & Stoughton, Publishers.
- Industries and Wealth of Nations. By Michael G. Mulhall. Longmans & Co., Publishers.
- In the Tideway. By Flora Annie Steel. Constable & Co., Publishers.
- Later Gleanings; Theological and Ecclesiastical. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. John Murray, Publisher.
- Letters from the Black Sea During the Crimean War. By Admiral Sir Leopold Heath, K.C.B. Richard Bentley & Sons, Publishers.
- March Hares. By Harold Frederic. John Lane, Publisher.
- My Father as I Recall Him. By Mamie Dickens. Roxburghe Press.
- Naturalist in Australia, The. By W. Saville-Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S., etc. Chapman & Hall, Publishers.
- New Africa, The. By Aurel Schulz, M.D. and August Hammar, C.E. Wm. Heinemann, Publisher.
- Pantalas. By Edward Jenkins. Richard Bentley & Son, Publishers.
- Peakland Faggot, A; Tales Told of Milton Folk. By R. Murray Gilchrist. Grant Richards, Publisher.
- Popular Royalty. By Arthur H. Beavan. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Publishers.
- Tale of Two Tunnels, A. By W. Clark Russell. Chapman & Hall, Publishers.
- Wild Norway. By Abel Chapman. Arnold, Publisher.
- Woodland Life, The. By Edward Thomas. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers.
- Woman and the Republic. By Helen Kendrick Johnson. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign. Hurst & Blackett, Publishers.

